National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. WITHOUT CONCEALMENT....WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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Selections.

THE BRITISH SEAMEN AT CHARLESTON.

A CASE of hardship occurred some months ago, which can hardly be forgotten; and which, if forgotten, ought to be brought to remembrance. On the 22d of last June, Mr. Milnes inquired of Lord Stanly, in the House, what had been, or would be, done in aid of Manuel Pereira, a British subject, who had been imprisoned in Charleston on account of the colour of his skin, being charged with no other offence, and being, moreover, a reluctant intruder in that port, into which he was drifted for refuge in a sinking ship. Lord Stanley gave hopes that the poor man would be watched over by our Consul at Charleston, and intimated that the case was one of "peculiar delicacy," from the intricacy of the relations between the Federal and "Provincial" governments. The error of calling the State Governments provincial, although [illegible] by several authorities. [illegible] consequences to ourselves to think of the American States—which are all sovereign—as provinces. The safety of our seamen, and other fellow-subjects, is deeply concerned in that difference, as may be seen in a moment. If any seamen is put in jail, in any provincial port of a friendly foreign power, we have simply to demand his release, and are sure to obtain it, with due apology for the improper conduct of local authorities. But the case is very different when we have to do with a Federal Government, whose function of managing the foreign relations of the whole nation is invaded by the legislation of any particular State. This was so clearly seen and admitted six months ago, that there was a kind of promise all round that the case of Manuel Pereira should not be lost sight of, and that its treatment by the two American Governments—the General Government and that ofSouth Carolina—should be regarded as an indication of what we may have to do, in regard to the safety of British subjects who may enter the port of Charleston. The Governor of South Carolina, in a recent message to the Legislature, gives a report of the matter, and his view of it.

It appears that just two years ago, our Consul at Charleston addressed a communication to the Legislature on the subject of a modification of the law by which "the Sheriff of Charleston is required to seize and imprison coloured seamen who are brought to that port." Committees of the two Houses were appointed to consider the suggestion; and they reported against any modification of the law. Last March, the ship in which Pereira served was driven into the port in distress, and the Sheriff put the poor fellow in jail. The British Consul applied to Judge Withers for a writ of *habeas corpus;* and Judge Withers refused it. The Governor laid his commands on the Sheriff not to release the prisoner, even if the writ were granted. Anxious to get rid of the prisoner, the Sheriff procured a passage for him in a ship to Liverpool; an act which the Governor lauds as one of great kindness, adding that Pereira was at liberty to take a passage anywhere beyond the limits of the State—as if a man in prison, whose ship had gone to pieces, had any means of letting his services as a free and innocent man should always be able to do! To get free, Pereira signed the articles offered to him in the prison, and was on his way to the ship when our Consul intertered, and prevented his departure. A few days after, the Consul paid his passage to New York, and saw him off—having, no doubt, by that time, assurance that the Federal Government meant to move in the case. On the 19th of May another coloured seamen, named Reuben Roberts, also a British subject, was seized on the arrival of his ship, the *Clyde*, and imprisoned till her departure on the 26th. And now comes the interesting sequel to the story. "On the 9th of June, a writ in trespass, for assault and false imprisonment, from the Federal Court, was served upon Sheriff Yates, laying the damages at four thousand dollars." Such is the Governor's news; but he does not tell us which case the writ relates to. No matter! The Federal Government has taken up the case against South Carolina, and our dispute is with the little State, and not with our ally at Washington. The Governor recommends the Legislature whom he addresses to add to the law in question some means of protection to the sheriffs whom it compels to occupy the position of Sheriff Yates.

Governor Means is like Southern politicians in general in his faculty of wonder. He is amazed that anybody should have dared to annoy a Sheriff of Charleston by calling him to account. He is amazed that any one dares to complain of any law that South Carolina thinks proper to make. He is amazed that any one ventures to interfere with the operation of State laws. Will he be amazed when the day comes for merchants—American and foreign—to sail past the port of Charleston, and seek one where innocent men are not marshed to jail in sight of a whole city? Louisiana has provided by law for the liberty and safety of coloured seamen in her ports. And Louisiana is wise; for there are two constitutional provisions which it might be dangerous for any State to infringe. By the one, every free citizen has a right to the same liberty in every part of the country that he has in his own State; and by the other, the management of foreign relations is vested in the central Government. South Carolina has infringed the latter, and threatens to violate the former, by forbidding the entrance of free coloured men from Massachusetts and other Northern States into her port. The Supreme Court will see to the matter; and it will be very interesting to witness the result of the controversy. There is probably no one outside the boundaries of the blustering little State who has any doubt of what the verdict will be in the first place. The Supreme Court is not likely to rule that any State of the Union can, under pretence of police necessity, give cause of war to any foreign power or sister State. If the verdict is against Sheriff Yates, what next? The men of his State boast that they never yield. Well—it is not now our affair. The two Governments must settle the matter; we, meantime, keeping a careful watch over the safety of our seaman who may go to Charleston, whether in the regular course of trade, or as Pereira did, as the only alternative from going to the bottom. There are two or three points, however, worthy of notice in the Governor's statement and pleading. He expressly, without the slightest disguise, avows that the obnoxious law was made in self-defence against a grave danger, and will be maintained on that ground. When strangers let fall a remark on that same danger, in which the citizens of Charleston are living, the fact is denied, and allusion to it is resented. Yet Governor Means calls this law "a police regulation which is so essential to the peace and safety of our community. In fact," he proceeds, "it is neither more nor less than the right of self-preservation, a right which is above all constitutions, and above all laws, and one which never was, and never will be, abandoned by a people who are worthy to be free. It is a right which," he is pleased to say, "has never yet been attempted to be denied to any people except to us." Without going into any historical review which may affect this last statement, we may indulge, in our turn, in a little wonder that this ruler does not see that every Pereira and Roberts, and other Britons, and every Boston and New York seamen, has a similar right; and that if the self-preservation of South Carolina is incompatible with that of the whole world besides, South Carolina must succumb. That is a fact clear to the meanest capacity. She may be comforted, however. It is not the destruction of South Carolina that will be found necessary, but only of that peculiarity in her which places her at war with the rest of mankind, including her own federal head. That she should choose to live in bondage to such a fear as her ruler confesses, is strange to those who live in a State of freedom. That these recent transactions may teach her a better wisdom, and suggest to her the means of emancipating herself from a life of conflict, isolation, and terror, is the best thing that her friends could desire.

The Governor declares that, if the Supreme Court had not taken up the question, piquing the pride of the State, he should have advised some modification of the law, to the extent of sparing coloured seamen the penalties of imprisonment, if their captains were prohibited to allow them to land. They might be imprisoned, he thinks, on board their ships instead of in the jail. No doubt it would be convenient to the Charleston people to be spared the dangerous spectacle of a black man being marched to prison because he is free. It would be convenient that their slaves should know nothing about such a fearful anomaly as a free mulatto. But it is not at all convenient to Britons, or to Salem or Boston merchants, to turn their ships into jails to please the men of Charleston. It is not convenient to them to make such distinctions of complexion. It is not convenient to the world to relinquish constitutional rights, or rights under treaty, to spare the alarms of the men of Charleston. The Governor speaks of this proposal of his as a concession to the spirit of the age. If the age had not got on further than that, we would just as soon have lived in any other. One word more. Whatever South Carolina may think, there is a world outside her borders, which will serve the world's turn well enough for traffic and other intercourse. There are ports in other States where cotton may be got without seeing our seamen carried to jail. We expect relief from the General Government; but, if South Carolina chooses to fight it out with the General Government, we need not wait with the [illegible] to help [illegible] other ports.—*London News.*

In the present state of public feeling with respect to American Slavery, it is probable that some sensation was created by an official argument upon the subject which we published on Wednesday. It will, perhaps, be recollected that attention was called some two years ago to the State Laws of South Carolina, as exemplified on the person of Isaac Bowers, a British seaman of colour, who, on no charge excepting the tint of his skin, was forcibly taken from the vessel and lodged in Charlston jail. It proved that this proceeding was in strict conformity to the laws of the State, which, in order to prevent any possible contagion of negro liberty, enacted that any free black coming even upon the waters of South Carolina should be arrested and locked up forthwith till the ship's departure. On this law, thus exemplified, the Governor of South Carolina, in his recent message to the Legislature of the State, has offered some remarks of considerable decision and importance. It appears that the ordinance in question has, since the case of Bowers, been again put in force, and, on one occasion especially, under circumstances of peculiar notability. On the 24th March in the present year, a vessel was driven into the port of Charleston *in distress*. On board the unfortunate ship was a coloured seamen named Manuel Pereira, who, notwithstanding the involuntary character of his visit to the shores of South Carolina, was immediately seized and thrust into prison. This proceeding, as well as another of a similar kind in the May succeeding, provoked certain legal measures on the part of the British Consul, and it is on a general review of these transactions that Gov. Means founds the official remarks to which we allude. In this communication the Governor observes that when upon the case of Isaac Bowers, the British Consul had applied for some modification of the law, committees of the State Legislature were appointed to consider the subject, and that these committees "reported adverse to any modification." The Governor himself, as appears from his own acknowledgment, was "anxious that the modification should be made," and he would even have recommended such a measure in his first message, had not the subject been already taken into consideration. Now, however, he avows such umbrage at the legal proceedings referred to, that he positively refuses to "abate one jot or tittle of the law."

We should be extremely sorry to import into this question any assumption injurious to either the rights or feelings of an independent people. We may even venture to grant the premises from which Governor Means proceeds. There is no doubt that the laws of South Carolina do plainly provide for the capture and incarceration of unoffending mariners being of negro blood. It is equally certain, we may presume, that the skins of Manuel Pereira and Reuben Roberts brought them under the penalties of the statute; nor are we entitled to argue that this provision was made without visible warrant. Very possibly the question may, to use the Governor's own expression, be one of "self-preservation," and we certainly cannot interfere in the regulation of State rights and federal duties under the Act of Union. But the unsoundness of the argument—for unsound it assuredly is—lies somewhat deeper. It lies in the character of Slavery itself—in the utterly indefensible nature of those institutions which this particular law was directed to maintain. It it is absolutely true—and we do not gainsay the fact—that a large portion of the population of South Carolina is kept in such a condition as to render the very sight or company of a free negro dangerous—that is the strongest possible evidence against the institutions themselves. The rights of "self-preservation," spoken of by the Governor, are not unconditional. A slaver or a pirate might resist an American sloop-of-war in direct "self-defence," but any homicide committed in this proceeding would be treated as murder. True it is, undoubtedly, that every State has "a right to make police regulations of its own," but is it not also true that this right is also qualified by the forbiddance to inflict injury upon others? We are now addressing Americans themselves—men of our own blood and lineage—and not Free Soilers or Abolitionists merely, but all the right-thinking people of the Union. They have lately dispatched an armed expedition to Japan, and one of the soundest justifications of this menacing embassy is based upon the inhospitable treatment experienced by foreign seamen at the hands of the Japanese. Now, in what does this treatment differ from that inflicted upon similar visiters in an American port, and justified by an American Governor? The Japanese look upon a stranger as dangerous to their institutions, and they frame their own police regulations accordingly, in virtue of which a shipwrecked mariner is consigned to severe custody. The Americans of South Carolina profess the same views, and adopt the same precautions. They make no exception or allowance for the perils of the deep; and, if a vessel from the Republic of Liberia were driven upon Charleston strand, every passenger who escaped the fury of the waves would be instantly incarcerated in Charleston jail. Excepting the probable difference between Oriental and Christian prisons, there is literally no distinction between these two cases, and we request Americans to consider what answer they could return if an African State powerful enough to fit out a 300-gun squadron should send to Carolina exactly such a message as they are sending to Japan.

Much has been recently said and written about the proprieties or advantages of external interference in a case like this, and the example of Governor Means himself, whose assent was converted into opposition by provocation from without, is an opportune verification of the arguments employed by "A States'-Man" in our paper of Thursday. On these arguments, however, we cannot avoid remarking that they would tell with greater force against pressure from without, if more movement be observed within. If those Southern proprietors, who, as "A States'-Man" informs us, are "anxious to surrender their slaves without a penny in exchange," would but give some sign of their resolutions, or lay some visible foundation for negro emancipation at any day, however distant, it would be a cogent fact against that unreasoning and irresponsible agitation, which, we freely acknowledge, is fraught with incalculable peril to blacks and whites alike. Institutions which have taken root and ramification like those of domestic Slavery in the Southern States cannot be violently destroyed without extreme danger to the whole community, and the magnitude of the hazard is enormously increased when the scene of experiment, instead of being laid, like our own, in a distant colony, is among the very homes and dwellings of the people concerned. But, if there is to be no external interference, and nothing is done in the State itself, what is to be the end of institutions which the universal voice of mankind has condemned?

Much, again, has been said of British "complicity"—of the responsibility which rests upon ourselves as originators of the evil, and of the immunities which the Americans thus derive. But is the argument really either sound or becoming? Doubtless the New England colonists carried with them many old English principles, and among them not the least settled was that of treating witchcraft by combustion. Would this be thought a justification for burning old women in New York at the present day? Do the free and enlightened people of America really hold that they are bound to model their own practices in the 19th century on those of English in the 17th? Do they hang for shoplifting? do they press men to death for refusing to plead? or do they maintain any other civil disabilities, except those original by the colour of the skin? And what was thought of the force of this whole argument on tradition on another occasion? There was an institution in America more ancient and more universal than that of Slavery; more intimately connected with the daily business of the population, and more inexpricably linked with the thoughts and principles of society: This was allegiance to Great Britain. Less than ninety years ago—within the recollection, indeed, of men not long dead—this institution was not only in existence, but influencing and governing all the proceedings of the States. In pursuance, as they asserted in their Declaration of Independence, of the right to "assume the station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God," entitled them," the American states destroyed this institution utterly, and superadded, through all the vicissitudes of a dangerous struggle, in superseding it by others. Is the case of Slavery, according to these same "laws of Nature and of Nature's God," less plain or less urgent than that of the colonists? or is the "institution" in the former instance less amenable to change than in the latter? We do not think "A States'-Man," or any of his countrymen, will venture on an affirmative reply.—*London Times.*

THE FUGITIVES AND THEIR NEEDS.

THE friends of freedom in the States are continually solicited to afford their aid to some scheme designed ostensibly to benefit the Fugitive Slaves in Canada. For some time past an association known as the Refugees' Home Society has been urging upon them its claims and asking for large pecuniary contributions to enable it to carry out its plans. An agent of this association has been engaged for some weeks past in procuring subscriptions to its treasury among the Abolitionists of this city and vicinity. In these circumstances, it is only fair that our readers should be informed of the fact, that a large and respectable portion of the Fugitives in Canada are entirely opposed to the Society in question, believing that its interposition in behalf of their class is not only unnecessary, but mischievous. We have been aware of this fact for some time past, but have felt extremely reluctant to have anything to do with the controversy which has arisen between the friends and the opponents of the Society. We are constrained, however, by a sense of duty to publish the following letter from Samuel R. Ward, addressed to a friend in this city, and which states the grounds upon which he and others oppose the scheme referred to. In doing so, however, we must not be understood as taking sides with either party, but only as imparting information which we have no right to withhold. Here is Mr. Ward's letter:

TORONTO, Dec. 13th, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND—You speak of Rev. C. C. Foote, the Bibbs and the Refugee's Home Society. You ask me to write about them such facts as influence my mind in respect to those persons and that organization. Allow me to say that, distinct from their actions in public matters, I have nothing to say to them. My opposition to the Refugee's Home Society, of course, is opposition to the *official acts* of Messrs. Foote and Bibb. But against them, *personally*, though differing much from them on many points, I have nothing to say in this letter.

I oppose the Refugee's Home Society for the following reasons, to wit:

1. There is no need of any other land-buying or land-selling organizations in Canada, for Fugitives or others, than those provided by our laws. In the very neighbourhood of Mr. Bibb's residence, in every township in the county of Essex, wherein he resides, the Government has lands quite as good as (if not better than) that owned by the Refugee's Home Society, for sale at a lower price than the R. H. S. will sell, and the purchaser can obtain with them equal (if not greater) facility, and hold them by a much better *tenure*. Patrick McMullen, Esq., M. D., is the land agent of the Government for the county of Essex. He lives within a half hour's ride of Mr. Bibb's office door. I have examined maps of land for sale, in his office. I have travelled over these lands. There are none better in North America. They are for sale at $2.00, some of them, and others at $1.60 per acre. One hundred acres would, therefore, cost $160 or $200, as the case might be. One-tenth is to be paid down, and the remainder in nine equal annual instalments, with interest on sums unpaid. Hence, you see, that with 16 dollars, a Fugitive can obtain possession of one hundred acres of land, and in ten years, by paying sixteen dollars per annum, and the interest, at six per cent, and erecting a small house, clearing five acres a year, &c., he has the entire possession, by patent, of the freehold.

The Refugee's Home Society bought at two dollars and a half, they therefore sell at that price, though without interest. (Constitution, Art. 5.) But they, the Fugitives, have but 25 acres, a very limited farm, and twenty acres of that will cost them $50, and when paid for they cannot transfer it in five years! Art. 8. In the former case, the man has ample land for his family, to be his, and theirs so soon as paid for; in the latter, he is confined to 25 acres, which the R. H. S. may take from him at will, if he dares to transfer it. Art. 9.

It may be said, however, that five acres are given on certain conditions, to Fugitives by the R. H. S. This does not alter my proposition. For the Government, upon conditions quite as favourable, give to actual settlers (without distinction of colour) fifty acre grants, in a fine agricultural district known as a part of Huron Tract, near Lake Huron. The R. H. S. give five acres, the Government give fifty. I have before me a letter from the Government agent, G. Jackson, Esq., to this effect. Besides, if you examine the August and September Nos. of the *Voice*, you will see that the Government offer lands for sale to actual settlers, at from 3 shillings to 7 shillings and 6 pence per acre, i. e., from 60 cents to $1.50 per acre. This land is all in Upper Canada. In Lower Canada, it goes down to 20 cents the acre.

You may not agree with me, but my mind is that the Fugitives who choose to be farmers, can find abundant facilities for acquisition of land in Canada without the aid of the Society in question.

2. I object to the Refugee's Home Society because it misrepresents, through its agent, the condition of the blacks in Canada.

To go into no specifications, the fact that it sends an agent to the United States to beg money to buy lands for them, *is of itself* a representation that they cannot acquire such money for themselves. While the truth is, that so soon as Fugitives come here, they can get work at fair wages, and so can lay by enough to buy land for themselves, NEEDING AID ONLY, allow me to repeat, NEEDING AID ONLY upon their *immediate arrival*, until they can get work, which in no instance that I know of is longer than three days! To represent such a people, as needing to have Rev. C. C. Foote beg money to buy lands for them, is sheer falsity, in my humble opinion. And I beg leave to add, that a free, friendly conversation with the Fugitives, in their settlements and at public meetings, during the past summer, not only confirms me in this opinion, but assures me that it is theirs also. I repeat that immediately upon their arrival, they are destitute, and most grateful are we for any aid we may have from the United States, or elsewhere, in supplying their immediate needs. But we do not want boxes and barrels of *old clothes*, which cost twice as much for transportation as they are *worth*, nor do we need a set of land-jobbers to beg money to buy lands for them.

3. I object to the Refugee's Home Society because of its *injustice and tyranny*, AND LAND JOBBING, *under the sacred name of benevolence toward negroes.*

It sends forth an agent (who is said to receive twenty per cent of what he begs), to beg for the poor refugee blacks money to buy lands. It then *gives* these poor blacks *one-fifth* of the land purchased by the proceeds of beggary, and *sells* them *four-fifths!* (Art. 5.)

Then it gives these poor refugees ten years to pay for their lands, but the next five years, *after paying for their land, this humane and benevolent Society disallows them the power of transferring the same!* (Art. 8.) Then, it transferred, the lands so BOUGHT AND PAID FOR, revert back to the Executive Committee!! (Art. 9.) I challenge Rev. C. C. Foote, Henry Bibb (who claims to be the originator of the concern), or any one else, to present a species of land-jobbing, injustice and tyranny, more perfect than this. Surely, no land company in the world, save the R. H. S., goes so far into the controlment of its subjects as to say to them: "For five years after you have bought land of us, and paid for it, you shall not have the power of transferring it, and if you do you shall be robbed of both" The Refugees' Home Society stands alone on this

"Bad pre-eminence."

At any rate, no other set of land-jobbers than the Refugee's Home Society beg for their capital in the name of the poor whom they thus victimise.

I have nothing to say about the honesty or the dishonesty of the agents and officers of the Society, as such. The Society, according to its own printed constitution, is a fair subject for criticism. If not, why is it published to the world? But I do say, that a Society of such professions, with such constitutional features, ought not to be expected to act any better than, through its constitution, it professes to act, nor ought the public or the Society to expect agents of such a concern to be any better than the Society employing them.

I have thus, as briefly as possible, given you my objections to the Refugee's Home Society, and the reasons for them. I will only trouble you with an additional fact or two.

You see from the published proceedings, that my name is among the names of those who discussed the Constitution, at Detroit, on the 25th of August last. My personal experience in that meeting was of great service to me, in enabling me to form an estimate of the Refugee's Home Society. The following facts impressed me. When it was objected to the locating of the Fugitives on very small pieces of land, as making them poor and dependent, a sort of peasantry, the answer was, that the money was begged partly from poor people in New England, who would regard 25 acres as enough for a Fugitive family.

When I complained that to cause the land to revert to the society if transferred under 15 years from the time of being purchased, would be unjust, dishonest and tyrannical, reducing the Fugitive to a sort of serf, it was pleaded by Rev. C. C. Foote, and others, that unless the Society maintained this sort of control over them, they would suffer speculators to get their lands away from them. When I complained that this was equivalent to saying that men who had bought 20 acres of land, were unable to take care of themselves—the old pro-slavery story of the negroes—they virtually admitted it. Expressing my astonishment at such doctrines, and declaring my belief that none other than black men would be so regarded and treated, Rev. C. C. Foote replied that were they legislating for white men they would make the rule still more stringent. When I expressed my gratification that the reversion clause had been omitted, as it had in one of the readings of the Constitution, Rev. M. Baker, of Detroit, Editor of the *Western Evangelist*, and a Wesleyan Minister, and a professed Abolitionist, immediately moved the adoption of that abominable clause. When I entreated them to make the inability to transfer to apply only to the time the land was unpaid for, the Treasurer, Mr. Hallock, opposed it, and said that should a man pay for his in one year he ought not to have the power of transferring it under 14 years from the date of his deed.

Being utterly disgusted with so monstrous a piece of unprecedented land-jobbing and tyranny, I refused, when a committee reported to that effect, to allow my name to appear before the public, as one of the officers of such a concern, whereupon the name of the Hon. J. R. Giddings was moved as a substitute for my own. Rev. C. C. Foote objected to Mr. G. on the ground that he had to beg the money of many persons opposed to Mr. G.'s course, and such persons would not give so readily, if that gentleman were an officer of the Society. I then saw the whole concern to be not only pro-Slavery in its doctrines concerning the capacity of negroes to hold and take care of property, but false in its declarations concerning the condition of Fugitives, and mean enough to pander to the pro-slavery appetites of such men as opposed Mr. Giddings on account of his Anti-Slavery course in Congress. To give aid, countenance or support to such a Society, nay, to withhold my solemn and earnest protest against it, were to be false to my Abolitionism, to my love of truth, and to my manhood.

And now, my dear friend, you are at liberty to use this letter, as Lord Carlisle says, "just as publicly, or just as privately as you may deem most fit."

I am, with sincere regard,
Your obedient servant,
SAMUEL R. WARD.

P. S. You will observe that I refer to the Constitution, as published in pamphlet form by Bibb & Holley. In the *Voice* the reversion clause does not appear. Why the very same publishers should omit in their paper, is not explained by them.

S. R. W.

We have before us another letter from Canada, which we may perhaps publish in whole or in part at a future time.—*Pa. Freeman.*

TRIAL OF RACHEL PARKER.

[From the Baltimore Clipper.]

Circuit Court for Baltimore County.—Judge Constable on the bench. The case of Rachel Parker, by her next friend, Francis Cochran vs Hannah Dickehut, a petition for freedom, was taken up. Attorney General Campbell and Judge Bell, of Pennsylvania, with W. H. Norris, Esq., of this city, appeared for the petitioner, and William Schley, Otho Scott and William B. Preston, Esqs., for claimant.

The following gentleman compose the jury: J. Yates, Thomas Craddock, John H. Uhler, G. W. Fisher, Daniel Cameron, Joshua Cocky, Wm. Jones, Samuel Pinkerton, William Spaulding, John Bacon, Nathaniel Parsons, and John Bitierson.

Mr. Norris rose and opened the case by saying that, in April 1847, Mrs. Dickehut lost three slaves—a negro woman and two children. Under a power of attorney from Luther A. Schoolfield to Thomas McCreary, the girl was abducted from Chester Co., Pa. A number of the citizens of Pennsylvania followed her to this city, and finally found her lodged in the jail of Mr. Campbell for sale. They then had a warrant issued for the arrest of McCreary on the charge of kidnapping, and he was tried before Justice Pennington. The testimony before the magistrate was of a conflicting character, and he thought there was no ground on which the accused could be detained for kidnapping, and a suit was then brought against McCreary on the charge of false imprisonment, and the Grand Jury found a true bill. We applied for an early trial in the Superior Court, of this case, but, by an affidavit of the claimants that they could not obtain a fair trial, the case was removed from that tribunal to this court. That bonds for any amount had been tendered for the release of the alleged slave from jail, and her production here at any time that might be set by the court for trial—but this security was absolutely refused by the claimant, and she had consequently remained in jail from the 31st of December, 1851. We expect to show that this girl was born in Pennsylvania, and that her mother and grandmother have resided there a number of years, by a large number of witnesses of the most respectable character, living within two miles of the place where she was born and lived to the time of her being seized and brought to Baltimore—that by the testimony adduced to prove ownership before the magistrate and the very persons with whom Mrs. Dickehut's slave lived, that the girl is not the same.

This case comes up under the most auspicious circumstances—there is no occasion to seek to arouse the passions or awaken feelings of prejudice, but simply to inquire into the facts and to decide whether Rachel Parker be the property of one of our citizens or a free-born citizen of Pennsylvania. If she be one of the parties who absconded from Mrs. Dickehut in 1847, we say for all parties here, let her be given up to her owner—but if she be not, let her be restored to her rights and liberties.

Mr. Preston made a few remarks and said, we hope to be able to show clearly that the learned counsel labours under a mistake in his opinion that the girl is free or a native of Pennsylvania.

Robert Hughes, sworn.—Is forty-three years of age, and lives in East Nottingham, Chester Co., Pa., prior to 1832—lived five years previous in Little Britain township, Lancaster Co., Pa. I know Rebecca Parker. I came to Baltimore in 1842, and went to Little Britain township in 1833. I am a native of Wales; my occupation there was a worker of minerals. Have known Rebecca Parker since 1843; she was called Little Beck. Heard she was married to Edward Parker, but have no certain knowledge thereof. Worked not a mile from where she lived. Boarded in 1835 with a man named Milrath, and she came there once a week to wash. She had been there a week at a time while washing, &c. Bought the property on which I now reside in 1840, and moved there in 1842. Rebecca moved into a house of John Wilkinson's, not more than a mile off. Saw her children often. There were three, and I think their names were Rachel, James and Elizabeth. Rachel was the oldest. Knew Rachel since 1835; she was the first negro child I ever took notice of. Whilst living in Wilkinson's house, her husband left her, and she then took up with a coloured man named Glascoe. Afterwards she went to live with Mr. Andrews, who owns the adjoining farm to mine. Rachel left her and went to live with Jacob Y. Smith. She was about eight or nine years of age. Lived there a year, and went to live with Joseph C. Miller. I saw her at Miller's in October, 1845. I have seen her frequently going with Mrs. Miller on errands and to her mother's. She disappeared from our neighbourhood in the latter part of Dec., 1851. Came to Baltimore and saw her in jail. Saw her the fall before she was taken away. There were fourteen of us went to the jail from our neighbourhood. She recognised us all and called us by name. I am certain she is Rebecca Parker's child, and the same person I have described in my testimony.

James Mullen, sworn.—I live in West Nottingham township, Pa.; am past fifty-seven years of age. Have lived there from my infancy. Know Rebecca Parker. First saw her in 1833. She went by the name of little Beck. She then lived at the house of a coloured man named Frank Armstrong. She was married to Edward Parker and lived afterwards at Steel's house. While there she had two children, Rachel and James. She was our washerwoman, and came once a week to our house. Have known Rachel from her infancy. Her mother brought her to our house in her arms when she came to wash. She went to James Y. Smith. She lived with him about a year. Then went to live with Joseph C. Miller. She remained there eight or nine years. Have seen her as often as once a fortnight from her birth up, except whilst she lived at Smith's. She came to Sunday school a part of the season of which I was superintendent. I was superintendent of the school nearly thirty years. I came to Baltimore to see her. Found her in jail and there recognised her. Have known the mother for twenty years. She has always passed as a free woman. Have not the least doubt as to the identity of the girl or her mother. Have lived at my present residence fifty years. On my visiting her at the jail, she immediately recognised me and called me by name.

Jacob Y. Smith, affirmed.—I am a farmer; have lived in the neighbourhood where I now reside all my life—in West Nottingham, Chester Co., Pa. Rachel Parker lived with me about a year, nine years ago. Knew her thirteen years ago as the daughter of Rebecca and Edward Parker. In a few weeks after she left me, I met her, and she told me she was living with Mrs. Miller I saw her several times whilst at Miller's. Has no doubt as to her identity. Is positive that she is the same girl that lived with him.

Levi Brown was brought to prove a knowledge of Rebecca Parker since 1830, when the counsel for claimant said they were willing to admit that Rebecca Parker was a free woman and had resided in Chester Co., as stated. Witness knew nothing of her children, as he moved some years ago from the neighbourhood, and resides at present in Baltimore.

Three o'clock having arrived, the court adjourned until following morning, 10 o'clock.

SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

William McCreary, sworn.—About 31 years of age. I am a nephew of Thomas McCreary. Reside in Little Britain township, Chester Co., Pa. Have known Rebecca Parker for fifteen years. Have known Rachel Parker since 1837. Two children of Rebecca Parker lived with me—James and Elizabeth. James came to live with me in 1843, and staid about nine months; Elizabeth came to live with me in 1844, and lived with me till 1846. Rachel lived with Miller. I wanted to get her to live with us, but her mother told me she could not let me have her as she lived with Mr. Miller. In 1844 and 1848, saw her at Miller's. Have seen her at one time for about three years two or three times a week. Last time I saw her was before she was taken from the neighbourhood, the previous summer. I am certain Rachel Parker is the girl who lived at Miller's, and the person that passed at the time for the daughter of Rebecca and Ned Parker. Have not seen Elizabeth Parker since I have been in this city, and after she left me, she went to live in Lower Oxford with Loving McMichael. Last time I saw her was in the summer of 1851, as she passed my house, when she told me she was in search of a place.

By Mr. Scott.—There are some few coloured persons in my neighbourhood. They are not very plenty about there. I live about two miles from the Barons. Did not know of more than two or three huts inhabited by the negroes. Never saw any blacks in the neighbourhood that I knew to be runaways. Within about four miles of me there were the Parker family, two families by the name of Jones, and one named Myers. They are still there and own little places.

By Mr. Preston.—Saw Rachel at my father's in 1850. Saw Rachel in 1848 at Joseph C. Miller's. Saw her at James G. Smith's in 1843, and saw her again at Miller's in 1844. When I first knew Rachel, she was about two or three years of age.

By Counsel for Petitioner.—The knock-kneed deformity of Ned Parker was very perceptible.

John J. McCreary.—I am a nephew of Thomas McCreary. Have lived in West Nottingham township near 16 years. I am a farmer; have known the Parker family for about 15 years. They lived in a house of Hutchinson four years, about three hundred yards from where I lived. Knew Rachel Parker well. She was three or four years of age when I first knew her. I used to fish a good deal, and she and James used to be with me very often. She went to live with James Y. Smith. He married my sister. I used to be there every two or three Sundays, and would see her there, and she would come to my fathers with my sister. It was in 1843. She lived near a year with him, and then went to her mother. Afterwards she went to live at Joseph C. Miller's. Have seen her twice at Miller's. Saw her almost every Sunday at Sunday School and Church. Know her perfectly well. Could tell her if I met her a thousand miles from here, and amongst ten thousand niggers. Knew Elizabeth and James, the reputed brother and sister of Rachel.

By Mr. Preston.—Never saw a negro in the neighbourhood who looked like her—might have seen persons of the same colour, but not of the same features.

Mrs. Hannah Irving.—I reside in Philadelphia. Aged about forty years. Daughter of John Kirk. Was born in York County, Pa. Have seen Rebecca Parker. She came to my father's to reside in 1828. He lived in Little Britain Township, Lancaster Co, Pa. She had previously lived with Mr. Brown as a domestic. Left his service because he was going to the West. She left my father because he moved into Maryland. She passed into the service of Dr. Webster. Lived with him two years. Do not recollect where she went after leaving him. She lived with my father five or six years. Some fifteen or sixteen years since I saw Rebecca. Recognised her immediately on seeing. Is the same person I am certain. She passed by the name of Rebecca McKew.

John Taylor, sworn.—I am 51. Reside in Little Britain Township, Pa. I brought Beck from Mary Miller's to Wm. Brown's in an ox cart, in 1818. She went from Wm. Brown's to John Kirk's. Saw her there several times. Did not know much about her since. Have not seen her in the neighbourhood since 1832 or 1833. I saw her about a year ago at John Anderson's, in Lancaster County. I think she passed by the name of Rebecca Chandley or Chandler.

By Mr. Preston.—Do not recollect to have said that I had not seen her since 1831 or '32. Recognised her by her features, not by any marks after this long absence.

Cyrus Miller, affirmed.—If the records are right, I am near 70 years. I have seen Rebecca Parker I think some time in 1817, or thereabouts. The negro woman came to my brother's. Came from my brother-in-law's—he sent the old woman to Lancaster county poor-house, where I understood she died. I well recollect John Taylor coming down and taking little Beck to my brother-in-law's, Wm. Brown. She remained at his house until a few days or up to the very day he removed to Illinois. I think I saw her at Mr. Kirk's afterward, where I occasionally visited, and where I learned she had gone.

Mrs. Rachel Kimball, affirmed.—Reside in Chester county. Have lived there about 31 years. I am married, and was married in 1816. Known Rebecca Parker since 1834. She was my nearest neighbour. It was said she was married to a man named Ned Parker. Knew Rachel Parker well; was present at her birth—and dressed the child. By request of the mother I named the child, and called it after myself and her aunt. They lived in Steele's house. From there they went to the house of Hutchinson. Did not see Rachel Parker at Smith's; saw her at peach time about three years ago at Miller's. Saw her on the road once, when she was large enough to carry a bucket of water. She has been sent to our house on errands. Saw her mostly when she was brought by her mother to our house. Have not seen the girl since I came in Baltimore. The girl was produced, and she said it was the same girl—was certain of it—the countenance was the same. Cannot be mistaken. Heard that Ned Parker was married to her on the night the stars fell; believe it was in November, 1833. It was in 1834 that Rachel was born. I saw Rachel about a week before she left the neighbourhood—she came to our house on an errand from Joshua Miller—I then recognised her as the same girl I had known in infancy.

Mrs. Rebecca Miller, affirmed.—I am the widow of the late Joseph C. Miller—reside in West Nottingham, Chester Co., Pa. Known Rachel Parker for about 15 years—she resided with me from 1844 to 1851. Rachel was about 10 years old when she came there—came from John Y. Smith's. Rachel was taken away from our house by Thomas McCreary and John Merritt. She was caught by them and carried to the road, and placed in a two horse carriage and driven off. Rachel has lived with me uninterruptedly from 1844 to the time she was taken away in 1851. She has some marks by which I know her. She has a cut on her right foot made by an axe. Saw her at the jail and immediately recognised her. Have not examined her foot since she was taken away from our house to see whether the scar was there. [Foot examined and scar shown to the jury.] Witness said she would have no more difficulty in identifying the girl than she would have in identifying one of her own children.

Mrs. Sophia Kirk, sworn.—Came to the neighbourhood in 1814. Have known Rebecca Parker since she was married—but not intimately until they moved to Hutchinson's house. Was several times at the house. Have seen Rachel Parker since I have been in the Court House. Have no difficulty in recognising the girl as the same that lived with my daughter, Mrs. Rebecca Miller, and the daughter of Rebecca Parker and Ned Parker. Could identify her just as well as I could one of my own children. She lived with my daughter from 1844 until she was taken away in 1851.

The hour of adjournment having arrived, the court adjourned until next morning.

THIRD DAY.

The following additional witnesses were called by the petitioner:

John Wright sworn.—Lives in East Nottingham, Chester county, Pa.; has lived there 37 years, except four years he was away. Has known Rachel Parker since 1844—saw her at the house of Joseph C. Miller. Witness was doing work near Miller's, and with his hands boarded there seven or eight weeks; saw her then every day. Afterwards, saw her once or twice a year at Miller's, and at House's meeting House. Witness is a local Methodist minister. Has seen the girl Rachel in court, and has no doubt of her identity.

By Mr. Preston.—Thinks Rachel was eight or nine years old when he saw her at Miller's in 1844. Never saw a slave in Pennsylvania, knowing him to be such; witness lives within half a mile of the Maryland line, and slaves would not be likely to stop in that neighbourhood—they would be likely to go a little farther. Was at Miller's in April, 1848, and saw Rachel there. Recognises Rachel by her general appearance; saw her at least once a year at preaching.

By Mr. Scott.—Not more than four or five negroes attended House's meeting house. Did not know the name of any other coloured girl that attended there.

By Mr. Preston.—Did not see, when the wagon of Amon Carter returned from Baltimore, in the year 1847, a negro woman, two children and a man come into that neighbourhood. Carter lived about ten miles off. Three teams came down to Baltimore to bring down a steam engine. Another of the teams belonged to Collins, who lived two miles from witness.

away in 1851; saw her in the jail here and immediately recognised her; has not the least doubt of this being the girl; recollects the night Rebecca was married; she was at their house several times during the day, to borrow things; the girl Rachel grew up under witness' eye; never was out of her knowledge from the time she saw her an infant in her mother's arms; saw Ned Parker last January, at witness' house—he called there; the last she heard of Ned he lived near Unionville, nine miles from Westchester—at David Chalfant's; the boy Jim lives at Wm. Chalfant's.

Jane Miller affirmed.—Is the mother of Joseph C. Miller; has lived in West Nottingham since she was nine months old; knew Ned and Rachel Parker before they were married, and has known them since that time down; first knew Rebecca as an infant at her mother's breast; knew the older children when they were small; knew Rachel to go to Miller's to live in 1844; knew of her having a sore foot, which was tied up, but never saw the wound or scar; Rachel had a sore foot when her daughter-in-law's youngest child was born—that child will be six years old in February; recognised the girl in Baltimore as soon as she saw her; no other negro girl but this one ever lived with Miller; has not the slightest doubt of her identity; witness has been at Miller's house for weeks and months at a time, when Rachel lived there.

Jesse Colston recalled by respondent.—Knows of a man named Wm. Donnelly living five miles from Miller's; he kept a public house at one time nearly on the Maryland line; he has lived there ever since witness can recollect. Wm. Campbell lives seven miles from Donelly. Donnelly lived on the New London road.

By Judge Bell.—It has been near fifteen years since Donnelly kept tavern. He now farms.

By Mr. Norris.—Knows William Campbell—he is a man of good character in that neighbourhood.

By Mr. Preston.—Donnelly has several sons. Has heard of some talk about one of them in connection with the [illegible] of Lynching, that he heard.

By Mr. Norris.—Has never heard of any Anti-Slavery Societies in that neighbourhood—never heard of or saw any meetings of that description within four or five miles of Joseph C. Miller's. Did not hear, about the year 1847, of Amon Carter's wagon bringing a negro woman and her two children into that neighbourhood.

William Chalfant sworn.—Knows Ned Parker; witness lives in East Marlboro', Chester Co., Pa. Saw Ned on Friday or Saturday of last week; he lives with witness' brother, David; he has worked for witness; thinks he came into their neighbourhood first in 1843; he subsequently brought a boy named Jim into that neighbourhood—thinks it was in 1844. Jim was there on Monday morning last. Ned came in the neighbourhood with a woman he called Eliza Parker; in the spring of 1844 this woman left him, and said her name was not Eliza Parker, but Kitty Hun, and refused to live with him unless he married her; heard that they were married, but she left him again, and he has since had several women as housekeepers. Ned has had no children in that neighbourhood, except the boy Jim, that witness knows of. In the spring of 1848 Ned bound Jim to witness to serve six years—witness conducting a farm. Does not know Rachel.

Rachel Kirk affirmed.—Is the sister of Mrs. Miller; has known Rebecca Parker, by sight, for 20 years; knew her children; recollects of Rachel going to Miller's to live; was frequently at her sister's (Mrs. Millers), and saw Rachel there; has heard them speak of her having a sore foot, but don't recollect seeing it; has not the slightest doubt of this girl in court being the same one; knows of no coloured girl in their neighbourhood of Rachel's size or age.

Rebecca Morrison affirmed.—Has known Rebecca Parker about 18 years; knew seven of Rebecca's children; two younger ones, named Harriet and Henry, were the children of Glasgow; knew Rachel when she was at Miller's; had not seen Rachel from the time she was taken away till she saw her in the court house to-day; has no no doubt of her identity.

Miss. Mary Wilkinson sworn.—Is the daughter of Jonathan Wilkison, who owned the house in which the Parker family lived for three years; has played with the children when a child herself; had seen Rachel when she lived at Smith's; recollects her going to Miller's; knew her at Miller's in 1844; in 1842 the Parkers moved into her father's house; saw Rachel first yesterday since she was taken away from Miller's; recognised her immediately; saw Rachel about an hour before she was taken from Miller's; she came to their house on an errand, to bring the sausage-stuffers home. There were not many persons she knew better than Rachel; had no doubt of her identity. Saw her about twice a month whilst she was at Miller's, except during a visit at Philadelphia of some five months. Witness is 24 years of age.

Elizabeth Wilkison sworn.—Is the mother of Mary Wilkison; has known Rebecca for upwards of sixteen years; she lived in a tenant house of witness' husband, and had five children. Ned left Rebecca in 1844. Had seen the children every day whilst they lived (for three years), in their house. Rachel was taken to Smith's and afterwards to Miller's; saw her whilst she lived at Smith's; she was frequently at witnesses' house whilst she lived at Miller's; saw her frequently at House's meeting house. Saw Rachel yesterday in court; recognised her immediately. Has no doubt that Rachel is the girl she has known from the cradle.

Elizabeth Melrath, affirmed.—Witness' brother Lewis married Joseph C. Miller's sister; lives one mile from Miller's—since 1820. Knows Rebecca Parker since 1835, before she was married. Knew Rebecca's children; has known Rachel since she was about two months old. Knew of Rachel going to Miller's to live in 1844; saw her middling often whilst she was living there; saw her going to Sunday school and at church. Saw Rachel the Sunday week before she was taken away at Lewis Melrath's. Mrs. Miller never had any other black girl but Rachel. Recognised her yesterday morning as soon as she saw her coming into the court room; has not the shadow of a doubt of it being the same girl she knew.

Margaret Rollins sworn.—Has lived in one neighbourhood in Chester county since 1801; knew Rebecca since 1834; knew Ned Parker before he was married. Had seen Rachel a baby in Rebecca's arms. Knew of Rachel going to Miller's to live—saw her there. Has seen her in court and recognised her—she is the girl she has known from her childhood. Knew of no other coloured girl of the size of Rachel in that neighbourhood.

Miss Helen Brown sworn.—Has lived in West Nottingham ever since she was born. Has known Rachel since 1846—became acquainted with her at Pine Grove school. Rachel Parker came there off and on for four years with Miller's children. When they went to school together saw her nearly every day—when they did not once in one or two months. No other black child went to that school—has often played with Rachel. Saw her in court to-day for the first time, and has no doubt of her identity. Witness is 17 years old. Rachel went to the school in 1846, '47 and '48.

By Mr. Preston.—Recollects the time of Rachel first going to Pine Grove school, from the fact of the date being entered in a copy book; looked at that book on Wednesday to refresh her memory.

The court at 3 o'clock adjourned to ten this morning.

FOURTH DAY.

Mrs. Rebecca Miller recalled by petitioner.—Rachel went to Pine Grove School the first time she ever went. Rachel Reynolds was the first teacher she went to; she went to school every year whilst she lived with witness: she did not go steadily, and made very poor progress—not learning to read; one of the teachers to whom she went said, that if she went all her life she would never learn to read.

By Mr. Preston—Knows a person named Jacob Slicer, a cousin of hers; saw him at meeting the last time she saw him; can't tell where he lives or works; cant say whether he has been at her house for four years; he has not been there several times recently; don't know whether he has been at her house for five years past; does not know of Jacob Slicer being at her house when Amon Carter's wagon returned from Baltimore, after hauling a steam engine to Baltimore. Don't know where Slicer has lived for ten years; Slicer's father lived about a mile from the Brick meeting house; the Brick meeting house is about five miles from witness.—Witness has been at Thomas Slicer's, the father of Jacob; recollects John Thomas Slicer, another son of Thomas, had not been at her house but once, and that was six, seven or eight years ago; Knows Daniel Stubbs when she sees him; never was at his house; has no knowledge of two negroes being at Stubbs' house; two negroes never came to witness's house from Stubbs.

Jane Madge, affirmed.—Has lived in Baltimore 38 years; knew Mrs. Dickehut's coloured woman; had spoken to her, knew her husband, Allen Crocus (The woman called Rebecca Parker and Rachel produced). She is nothing like Juno Crocus; the girl Rachel is two shades lighter than Juno's daughter, Eliza; would never have taken the girl called Rachel for Eliza. The woman Rebecca is nothing at all like the woman Juno; never would have taken them for the same person.

By Mr. Preston.—Had seen the girl Eliza Crosus; knew nothing of any other children of Allen Crocus but the one girl. Thinks she saw this girl in 1847. This girl Rachel, in court, bears no resemblance at all to the girl Eliza, except that both were coloured girls; Eliza never looked up when spoken to. Did not know the name of either girl Allen Crocus had. (Mrs. Dickehut's woman was called Juno Crocus, and her two daughters, who ran off with her, were called Eliza and Henriette).

James F. Hutchinson, affirmed.—Lives in East Nottingham, Chester county, Pennsylvania—is a farmer; has resided there all his life; is thirty-eight years old. Has known Rebecca Parker for fifteen years—she resided in a house of witness' for 5 years, from 1837 to 1841; knew Ned Parker, her husband, Rebecca frequently washed at witnesses' house; recollects Rachel since 1837—saw her frequently. Did not know of Rachel living at any place except Miller's—that was between three and four miles off; saw her frequently while she lived there. Elizabeth lived with witness—she came in 1847 and left in 1851. Recognises Rachel, the girl in court, as the girl he has known; has seen Elizabeth in Campbell's jail here, among some thirty or forty others, and recognised her immediately. Mr. Hughes, Mr Mullen, Mr. Morris and Mr. A. S. Ridgely went to Campbell's jail with witness. Mr. Campbell at first brought down a number of negroes, and she was not among them; he then brought down another lot, and she was among them; recognized Elizabeth and she recognised witness. Elizabeth has a scar on the right side of the forehead.

By Mr. Preston.—Elizabeth left witness's house in May, 1851; witness was from home, and she travelled off one afternoon without saying she was going. The mark on Elizabeth's head was made by a stick in the hands of Glasgow, whilst she lived with witness; she insulted him and he struck her with the stick; think the mark is over the right eye. Witness lived about two miles from Hopewell school house—attended a meeting there got up in reference to this subject; witness did not vote on either side of the resolutions offered there: Thinks the following resolution or something like it, was irregularly offered (Resolution read by Mr. Preston).

"Resolved, That, in the opinion of this meeting, any person who would shoot Thos. M'Creary or John Merritt, as they would shoot wild beast or venemous serpents, would only be doing that which ought to be considered as right."

Witness told some one near him that he did not think such a resolution was prudent. At that meeting at Hopewell school house a number of persons were present; Mr. Hammer was either President or Secretary of that meeting; think Hart T. Coates was there; Lewis Melrath was there—cant say if he was an officer of that meeting; thinks either Hammer or McClurg or another person he does not recollect, was president; cant say whether Robert Hughes or James Mullen were there—Knew nothing of an advertisement or public notice of that meeting, and has not seen any handbills in reference to it.

Objection was raised by Judge Bell to the admissibility of any evidence of abolition meetings held subsequent to the abduction of the girl Rachel. Objection was raised also by Mr. Norris to the admission of partial evidence of such a meeting; that the petitioner had the right to the whole report of such a meeting—the two counsel differing in opinion in regard to the admissibility of such testimony. The counsel for the respondent stated, after argument on both sides, that they had no resolution offered at that meeting, except the one that had been read—that resolution being a memorandum in writing, and nothing more. The court said that the resolution had been admitted in evidence before any objection was made by the petitioner's counsel.

Mr. Hutchinson was asked: "Was the resolution offered at that meeting, submitted in writing?" He answered, "No, he did not see any."

The court then remarked that the objection of the petitioner's counsel was removed, the resolution being oral.

J. F. Hutchinson, resumed by respondent. Cant recollect who was at the meeting at Hopewell School house; don't think Robert Hughes or James Mullen were there; thinks James Y. Smith was not there Wm. McCreary was not there, don't know if John J. McCreary was there; there were no women there; John Wright was not there; thinks William Campbell was not there; Geo. Keatly was not there; can't say if George W. Campbell was there or not; this school house is about four miles from where J. C. Miller lived Some thirty persons were at that meeting—mostly persons living around the school house. Of persons attending here as witnesses, thinks Samuel Butler, Hart T. Coates and William Mullen were at the meeting at Hopewell school house. Word was sent to witness that the meeting was to take place; can't recollect who sent that word. Saw the girl Elizabeth after she left witness at John Townsend's, Lancaster county.

By Judge Bell.—Hopewell is a small village—their are several manufactories near it. Joseph C. Miller died before the meeting alluded to at Hopewell; thinks Mr. Hammer, living near New London, nine miles off, presided at that meeting. They had very little speaking done at the meeting, the principal object was to hear the report of the analization of Miller's stomach, it having been supposed that Miller was murdered. Drs Dicky and Hutchinson, he thinks, were the medical men attending that meeting. Witness don't think the resolution read to day was put at the meeting; heard some persons speaking of it in a jocular manner, and remonstrated with them on its impropriety. No resolutions on the subject of this girl were passed at this meeting to his knowledge; don't think there was a very great degree of excitement about Miller's disappearance.

By Mr. Norris—The general opinion of the people in Chester county was that Miller had been murdered in some way; there was a difference of opinion about the matter. The body of Miller had been brought up from Baltimore, and the stomach being analized, the meeting was called to hear the report of the physician who performed that duty. The meeting, to witness' knowledge, had no reference to the abduction of Rachel; don't know whether any resolutions were submitted in writing at that meeting. Resolutions were spoken of by some persons embracing something similar to the resolution read here; it was done verbally and not voted upon. Witness is a communicant of the Presbyterian church at Oxford.

By Mr. Preston.—The business of the meeting had been disposed of, when the resolution read was spoken of in a jocular manner The analization of Miller's stomach was made to see if it contained poison.

FIFTH DAY.

Dr. Hutchinson, affirmed.—Reside at Oxford, Chester county. Practice medicine. Knew Rachel Parker for 18 years. Commenced to practice medicine in 1840. Have practiced in her family. First, when she lived in the house of my brother, J. F. Hutchinson. She had two children when she lived there, Rachel and Elizabeth. Have seen a boy named James; but do not recollect seeing him at the house. First saw Rachel at her mother's, when she lived at Steele's. Saw her at Miller's, I think, in 1844. Have practiced in Miller's family since 1840 Attended Rachel at Miller's for a slight cold and vaccinated her on the the 18th of January, 1846. Have a record of it—examined my book in consequence of being told that the girl was claimed as a slave having run away in 1847, when I remarked I thought I had vaccinated her previously to that time, and when I returned home examined my book. Came to this city yesterday. Saw the girl this morning in court. I immediately recognised her and she me. Have seen her almost every week whilst she was at Joseph Miller's. I am positive she is the same girl I knew at Hutchinson's house. I know Elizabeth Parker, daughter of Rebecca. I believe I saw her first at her mother's, whilst she lived in Hutchinson's tenant house. [The book of Dr. Hutchinson was produced, and the charge against Miller for vaccinating five children, $3, in January, 1846, shown to the jury]. Mrs. Miller only had four children at that time. I have a distinct knowledge of vaccinating the negro at the time. She was very timid. Do not recollect any other negro girl living at Mrs. Millers'. Have not the slightest doubt this is the same girl.

By Mr. Preston.—Rarely make any distinction except it be in cases where persons are very particular in their accounts, is the reason why I put the charge down as five children. Two charges where the parties were designated as coloured, was because there were no other persons vaccinated at the time. My impression is that the vaccination took effect or else I would have been called to see her again. Saw her very frequently from 1844, and also from 1848. Have attended Mrs. Miller's family since 1840. The last child was born on the 1st of February, 1847. I attended her during the confinement of her two last children. Recollect seeing Rachel with a sore foot, but cannot state the time. Think it was about the time of the birth of the last child of Mrs. Miller, in February, 1847, on my return visit. Was at a meeting at the Hopewell School house. Just after I entered the house, I was called away to see a man that was severely cut, and returned again before the meeting closed. There was no resolution offered to the meeting declaring it right to shoot Thomas McCreary and John Merritt whilst I was there. If such a resolution had been offered, I think I would have heard of it. I think the officers of the meeting were Wm. Worth, President; Thomas Hammer, Vice President; Dr. Rowland, Secretary; Jesse Cole, D. E. Dickey were there. Did not see Robert Hughes, James Mullan, or Lewis Milrath there.

By Petitioner.—The meeting in part was to hear the report of the physcians who made the post-mortem examination on the body of Miller, who was supposed to have been murdered—to raise funds to aid in bringing back Rachel to her home, and to institute an inquiry as to what had become of her sister Elizabeth, who had disappeared from the neighbourhood. There were no proceedings countenancing abolitionism. There was some talk of passing a resolution declaring that we would sustain the Fugitive Slave Law and the Constitution of the United States. I do not recollect whether a resolution of this character was put in writing or not.

By a Juror.—There is no girl in an area of five or six miles of Miller's that looks like Rachel to my knowledge.

Samuel Chambers, sworn.—I am 66 years of age. Have lived 25 years in the neighbourhood spoken of. I have known Rebecca Parker since 1831. Have known Ned Parker since he was four years of age. Live about three-quarters of a mile from Miller's. Have known Rachel since she was an infant. Saw her at Miller's. She used to run about in search of cattle, and enquire of me about them. Have known Mr. and Mrs. Miller since their infancy. Only one negro girl lived with Miller. Knew Rachel before she went to live with Miller at her father's, when he lived at Steele's house. From there they went to live at Hutchinson's. Saw the family frequently there. Never saw Rachel at Smith's. Have seen her more than a hundred times at Miller's. Saw her there from the time she went to Miller's until she left. Saw her sometimes twice a day, sometimes once a week, and sometimes not for weeks. I have seen the girl in the court house, and know that she is the same girl. Would know her anywhere.

By Mr Preston.—Live about a quarter of a mile from the "Engine," but cannot tell the date on which it was moved, though I helped to load machinery on the wagons. There were but two teams there the day I worked there. They talked of getting another. One of the teamsters was named Reynolds, the other Hiram Wilson—the last named drove Amon Carter's team. Hiram Wilson is in court. Did not see the teams come back. Know that I saw the negro at Miller's the year Polk was elected President.

Edward Chambers, sworn.—I am the son of last witness, and 24 years of age. Live at West Nottingham, Chester Co., Pa. Live at my father's. Always lived there. Have known Rachel Parker since she was a child. I first knew her at Steele's house. Then at Hutchinson's house. Saw her there often as I went by to mill. Saw her at Joseph C. Miller's in 1845. Had an order to get some oats from Miller. [The order was produced and shown, dated February 17th, 1845]. Went to school with her to Joseph Hinton. Have seen her at our house often. Saw her about two weeks before she was taken away—not since until in this court house. Do not know whether she recognised me or not. Did not speak to her Have looked at her since I have been in the court house. Have not the least doubt that she is the same girl whom I have known from infancy. Have worked at Miller's, and saw the girl there washing dishes and sweeping

By Mr. Preston.—Have seen the girl at Miller's before I went for the oats, and know I saw her then. Know Daniel Stubbs Have been at his store and have seen negroes there I did not know. Rachel was at the barn and held the bag open, whilst the oats were put into it. She was smaller then than she is now. I was at a meeting at Hopewell School house one night. Did not vote for or against the resolution. There might have been seventy or eighty persons present—perhaps, more or less. I believe I saw Dr. Hutchinson, Samuel H. Dolan and Jesse there I know Elizabeth, sister of Rachel. Have not seen her for some time.

James T. Pollock, sworn.—Live in West Nottingham. Lived there 21 years, was born in Ireland. Live about half a mile from Joseph C. Miller. Have lived on the same place 21 years. Do not know how long I have known Rebecca Parker. She washed at my house when she had this girl in her arms. Saw Rachel at Miller's in 1844. I recollect that she was there in 1844 by recollecting that I traded horses with a neighbour two or three weeks after Polk's election, and she was there then. Have seen Rachel twice or three times a day, sometimes not for a week. Saw her in her county jail about a year ago. Recognised her at once. Have no doubt in my mind that this is the same girl. She has been at our house on errands, with Miller's children and at other times.

By Mr. Preston.—Saw the girl the Thursday before she was taken away, and twice on that day.

William B. Morris, sworn.—Aged 25 years. Knew Rebecca Parker since 1841; knew her in Hutchinson's house; there were several children, but can only speak of Rachel; she was the eldest. Cannot say that I ever saw her at service until I saw her at Miller's, in 1845. The date is fixed by me because a schoolmaster was boarding at my father's at that time. She is the same girl that I have known since 1841 as the child of Rachel Parker. No other black girl lived with Miller, to my knowledge, and not any in the neighbourhood that looks anything like her.

By Petitioner.—I have no doubt that it was in 1845 that I saw Rachel at Miller's. I do not speak in doubt, but speak with a perfect certainty.

The court, at two o'clock, adjourned until two o'clock Monday afternoon, to enable the witnesses from a distance to go home and return.

Monday, January 10.

The case of Rachel Parker, by her next friend, Francis Cochran vs. Hannah Dickehut, a petition for freedom. The Attorney General, Judge Campbell, Judge Bell, of Pennsylvania, with Wm. H. Norris, Esq., of this city, appeared for the petitioner, and William Schley, Otho Scott and William P. Preston, Esqs., for claimant.

This morning Edward Parker and his son Jim were produced in the court room.

William Chalfant testified that he knew Ned Parker and Jim since 1845, and stated where they had resided. Has had constant knowledge of Jim since 1844. He resides with me. He has resided with me for five years the winter. Never saw Rachel or Elizabeth in company with Ned Parker. Live some 25 miles from the village of Hopewell.

Samuel Chambers recalled—By Mr. Preston.—Testified on Saturday last that I knew Rachel Parker. Did not take another negro for Rachel Parker after I left the witness' stand, and speak to her under the impression it was Rachel.

George Grayson, sworn.—I am 49 years of age. Have lived within a mile of George C. Miller. Have lived there 21 years. Knew Ned and Rachel Parker for 18 or 19 years. The first time I saw them living together as man and wife was at Hutchinson's. Known Rachel since 1845 pretty well. Have seen her going of errands along the road and to the store of Kirk's. Have often been at Miller's. Did not visit much there, but went there on business. Certain the girl in the court-house is the same I have always known as Rachel Parker; have no doubt of it. Do not know any other of Parker's children, and would not have known her if she had not come to live so close to me.

By Mr. Preston.—Saw them hauling the machinery to put up the "engine," and know when it was taken down, but I am not able to give the time. Never worked at Miller's but one day—it was mowing time, but cannot tell the year. Know when Rachel was taken away. Do not think I had seen her for a month before, as I was away from home about that time. Do not recollect whether I saw Rachel at Miller's before the removing of the machinery or not.

By petitioner.—Recollect that I built my barn in 1845, and I saw her at Miller's that year.

By Mr. Preston.—Know that I built my barn in 1845, by receipts I have for money paid for lumber.

By Juror.—I have never lost sight of her since—seen her monthly—sometimes oftener.

Samuel W. Scott, sworn.—Age 34. Was a school director of West Nottingham. Elected in 1844. Served in that capacity four years. Knew Rachel Reynolds. She taught the fall quarter of 1846 at Pine Grove, was treasurer and recollect paying her her salary that year

By Mr. Preston.—I think there is a record kept of scholars that attend the schools, but am not certain. Believe an account is furnished of the number of males and females to the Secretary of State by the School Board. The names of the scholars are not given. Never saw a report made out, and cannot say that the teacher's name is given. Knew that I paid Rachel Reynolds in the fall of 1846. It was about the first of December. She was the first person I paid after I was appointed treasurer.

Samuel Dolan, sworn.—Age 22 years. Live in West Nottingham, Chester Co. About a mile from Miller's. Have known Rachel Parker since 1845. Have seen her at Miller's I suppose once a month. Went to Pine Grove school. Saw her there. Went to Joseph Hinton in 1848. Worked at Miller's generally in the fall Two or three days at a time. Saw Rachel about a month before she was taken away. First time I saw her since then was last Thursday. She is the same girl I saw at Miller's in 1845. Have no doubt of it.

By Mr. Preston.—Do not recollect the moving of the machinery, but do recollect seeing the negro at Miller's in 1845—she moved about; the machinery was stationary. Was at the meeting at Hopewell school house. There were about fifty persons present—the house was not very full. I went to the meeting after night, and it had commenced before I got there, and I left before it closed; heard nothing about the resolution relative to McCreary and Merrit. Do not recollect when Amor Carter's wagon came from Baltimore. Know Daniel Stubbs. Have seen strange negroes in the neighbourhood at negro meetings. Not very often as these are seldom held.

[We were mistaken in saying the resolution relative to McCreary and Merritt was ruled out as evidence in our report the other day]

The court at half-past three o'clock adjourned until this morning at 10 o'clock.

Thursday, January 11.

Rachel Parker's left arm was exhibited; the scar from vaccination shown to the jury.

William C Mullen, sworn.—Aged 25 years. Has lived all his life in W. Nottingham. Son of James Mullan. Have known Rebecca Parker for about 19 years. She lived in Steele's house. Have known Rachel since she was a child. Her mother brought her to our house when she came to wash. Have never lost sight of Rachel for any length of time. Knew the family when they lived at Hutchinson's house. Was in the habit of seeing Rachel often as she passed along the road. Knew four other children, James, Elizabeth, Joseph and Washington, besides Rachel. Saw Rachel first after leaving the neighbourhood in this court-house. Recognised her immediately. Have not the shadow of a doubt that it is the same girl. Know Ned Parker. Have not seen him for about eight years until I saw him yesterday in the court-house.

By Mr. Preston.—The girl was smaller when I first saw her at Miller's than she is now—say from two to five inches. Our house is about a mile, or litte over, from Miller's, and about a mile from the place where the "engine" was. It was sometime between 1846 and 1848 that it was removed. I knew the girl a longer time before it was removed than has elapsed since. I was at the meeting at Hopewell school-house. We assembled a little after dark and broke up about nine o'clock. J. M. Campbell, Dr. Dickey, D. D. Dickey, Isaac Spear, Lewis Milrath and Jesse Cole were at the meeting. Do not recollect of seeing Robert Hughes. The resolutions drafted at this meeting were in writing and prepared by a committee. The resolution relative to McCreary and Merritt was proposed after the meeting was adjourned by one of the crowd. It was not voted upon to my knowledge. Do not recollect who offered the resolution. There were, I suppose, from 50 to 75 persons present.

By Petitioner.—The resolutions were ordered to be printed. I moved that they be printed. They were printed in the *Village Record*, and perhaps copied into the *Republican*. Have no doubt that this girl is the same that I saw at my father's, at Steele's house, at Hutchinson's house, and at Miller's. She has never been out of the settlement for any length of time, for have I.

Lewis Milrath, sworn.—Aged 46. Lived in West Nottingham, about two miles from Miller's, since 1835. Miller and myself were brothers-in-law. Knew Ned and Rachel Parker before they were married. Rebecca has worked for me. In the fall of 1835 I finished my house, and she was there about a week whitewashing. Knew Rebecca's children, Jim, Elizabeth, Joseph and Washington. Ned Parker is the same man that is now in the court-house. The first place I saw Rachel at service was at John Y. Smith's. Saw her at Miller's in 1844. Recollect it by going to the funeral of Mr. Kirk and a political meeting the same day. I inquired of Miller whether he was going to board the carpenters that were going to work in the neighbourhood, and he said they were talking about it, but he could get no help, and I told him about this girl. Have no doubt that it is the same girl.

By Mr. Preston.—It was between the first and tenth of August, I think, that Rachel went to work at Miller's. The crome shaft and machinery are a little over a mile from my house. It was put up in 1836 and removed in 1847. I helped to load the wagons that took it down. It was in the latter part of August. Recollect the time by knowing the employment I was engaged in at the time. Elisha Reynolds and Amon Carter's teams were employed Hiram McWilson drove Carter's team. Did not see the teams on their return. There were no covers on the wagons when they were loaded. One of them had no body on. There were six horses in each team. Have seen Rachel frequently at church. I was at the Hopewell school-house at the time of the meeting. I think the meeting was over and about half the people had gone out and I was on my feet when I heard something like the resolution relative to Merritt and McCreary. It was after the meeting adjourned. There was no vote taken upon it and I never thought of it afterwards.

Samuel Butler, sworn.—I am 40 years of age. Moved into West Nottingham in 1830. Live about two miles from Miller's. Know Rebecca Parker. The first place I saw her was at Brown's in 1838, and seen her in the settlement up to this time. Know Ned Parker. The couple in the court-room are the same parties. At Steele's they had two children, Rachel and James. At Hutchinson's there were other children, one named Elizabeth. Have known Rachel ever since Saw her at Miller's in 1835 or 1836. [Witness corrected himself and said 1845 or 1846.] Know it by my brother's having some cattle running in the barrens that year, and seeing her at the spring at Miller's, and asking her if she seen them.

By Mr. Preston.—Recollects hearing of the removal of the machinery. It was before the removal that I saw this girl at Miller's. Had no cattle running at large later than the summer of 1847, I do not think it later than 1846 Was at the meeting at Hopewell school-house during the whole time of the meeting. The resolution relative to McCreary and Merritt was not voted upon at the meeting.

Alexander Milrath affirmed.—I am in my 71st year. Lived there since 1829. About a mile and a half from Miller's. Know Rachel and Ned Parker. Have always seen them in the neighbourhood. Ned did not work with me; Rachel did. Knew the children, five in number. Stated the places where they had lived. Knew Rachel from an infant. Never saw her at Smith's, but saw her whilst there at other places. Knew her at Miller's, and whilst she was there saw her at least once a month. If I have any knowledge of children, I could recognised her as well as I could one of my own.

By Mr. Preston.—The first time I saw her at Miller's was the summer that John Kirk put up his house. Cannot tell what year it was. Was not at the meeting at Hopewell school house. Last time I saw her before she was taken away, was the last of October or first of November. She came to my house to invite us to a husking at Miller's. Knew Elizabeth, but do not know that I could recognise her.

James Brown.—Aged 30 years; have lived about three-quarters of a mile of Miller's for 20 years Knew Rebecca Parker since 1843. She came to live at my father's that year. Stated the place where witness knew they had lived. Knew Rachel since she was about a week old. Some persons said that a negro child was white when it was born, and we went to the house to see it. It was the first negro child I had ever seen. She had two children whilst she lived at Steele's named Robert and James. Jim she said she called after me. They went from Steele's to Hutchinson's where they had other children—one named Joseph, which she said she called after my father. Saw her at Joseph C. Miller's in 1844. Mr. Kirk, the father-in-law of Miller died in 1844, and there was a political meeting on the day he was buried, and I went to work at Miller's a short time afterwards. I had a better opportunity of knowing Rachel than I had of knowing any other negro in the neighbourhood, and cannot be mistaken in her identity. She is the same person I have known from infancy.

By Mr. Preston.—Knew Elizabeth and recognized her in this court. Have not seen as much of her as I have of Rachel. Recognise her as the sister of Rachel, and both as the children of Ned Parker.

John E. Brown sworn.—An older brother of last witness Known Rebecca Parker since 1833. She lived at my father's. Heard of her marrying Ned Parker. Saw Rachel at Steele's Hutchinson's and at Wilkinson's and on the road. Saw Rachel at Miller's the last week in 1844. Recollect it by going to Miller's to borrow his horse—as I was going to be married on the 2d of January, and mine was rather too high spirited to trust a lady with. Rachel laughed at me about getting married. I worked at Miller's in 1846 and 1847. We assisted each other in busy times. Have seen Rachel every year until she was taken away. Know her to be the same girl I have known from childhood.

By Mr. Preston.—Knew Elizabeth when she was a child—have not seen her for several years—could not recognise her if I saw her or any other of the children except Rachel. I do not know that a black girl ever lived at Abel Morris.'

John Anderson affirmed.—Near 63. Have lived in East Nottingham all the time that I have lived. Know Ned and Beck Parker. They are the couple now in the court-house. Know Rachel. Never heard of her being at service but at Miller's. Can't say I ever saw her there. Have seen her but not very often. The mother lived at my house from June 1851 to June 1852. These children would come to see her—Elizabeth four or five times and Rachel not more than twice. I do recognise Elizabeth as the girl that visited Beck at my house to the best of my knowledge. She looks taller and paler, I think, than she did the last time I saw her. It was, I think, in November, 1851. Her mother whipped her and told her never to come back again There was no black woman on the day before or the day that Rachel was taken from the neighbourhood, in my house During the week there was no negro that resembled Rachel. There is a porch to my house. No white girl at my house the week Rachel was taken away except a little white girl I raised. There was no black woman about the age of Beck visited her whilst at my house. During the month of December was at home all the time. Saw Rachel not more than twice at my house. Believes the whipping Elizabeth got is the sole cause of all these proceedings.

Jacob Kirk sworn.—Brother of Mrs. Miller. Aged 24. Reside with my mother. Knew the Parker family since 1844. They moved from Hutchinson's to Wilkinson's. Parker lived about a year at this house. Beck lived there three or four years. Knew Rachel, Jim and Elizabeth. Rachel went to live at Miller's in 1841. My father died that year. Saw her there at least once a week. Worked at Miller's often. I am the brother of Mrs. Miller. First saw Rachel this day week in this court house since she was taken from the neighbourhood. Know her to be the same girl I saw at Miller's in 1844. Last saw her the day before she was taken away. Was at Hopewell school house at the meeting. Do not know who proposed the resolution—was outside and getting ready to go home at the time.

Ephraim Blackburn affirmed.—Live in West Nottingham township, known Parker for about fifteen years. She lived in Hutchinson's house. Lived about half a mile from her. Saw the children as I passed the house, met them on the road and at the neighbour's. Know that Rachel lived at Miller's for four or five years previous to her being carried away. Saw her at the jail the first time after she was taken away. Recognized her at once. I am certain it is the same girl. Saw Jim but cannot recognise him.

Jeremiah Kirk affirmed.—I am 37 years of age. Reside in York county—have resided there three years. Formerly resided in Lancaster county. Know Beck since about 1824 she came to live with my father. Saw her last in 1844 at my father's. In 1834 she was at my father's with an infant she called Rachel, but do not know that this girl is the same.

Nathan Miller affirmed.—Knew Beck in 1821. She lived at William Brown's. She then went to reside with John Kirk. From thence she went to Dr. Webster's. Next saw her at Wm. McCreary's. On Christmas day of 1840 I saw her at a house she lived in she had several children and told me their names, but have no certain knowledge of the children. Rachel Reynolds taught school in Pine Grove school house in the summer of 1846. I was passing by there and saw her opening the school house.

By Mr. Preston.—I think it was the first week in September I saw Rachel Reynolds at the school house. Saw her frequently. Went to the same meeting. Saw her in 1847, 1848 and 1849.

John M. Campbell sworn.—Aged 24. Reside in West Nottingham—lived there since I was a child. Know Ned and Beck Parker for about 20 years. Live about a mile and a half from Miller's and about a mile from Hutchinsons'. Knew Beck had three children—Rachel, Jim and Elizabeth. Heard Rachel lived at Smith's but do not recollect seeing her there. Saw her often while she lived at Miller's. Have seen her at church, Sunday school and on the road. Saw her first at Miller's in 1844. Saw her on an average about once in three months. Have not a single doubt but that this is the same girl.

By Mr. Preston.—Attended the meeting at Hopewell school house. Do not know who proposed the resolution relative to McCreary and Merritt. Heard it mentioned, but I had gone outside of the building.

The following handbill was produced and read. $200 reward.—Ran away on Sunday night, April 25th, three negroes, mother and two children. The woman's name is Juno Crocus, aged 28 years, of a yellow or light chesnut colour, about five feet high, round face, and person. Eliza, aged 13 years, of a shade darker than the mother, lively appearance, bright eyes. Henrietta, aged 11 years, nearly the same colour. The woman's husband (named Allan Crocus, and father of the children), a free man, is supposed to have gone with them. The above reward will be paid for the recovery of the negroes, or proportionate for any of them. [Signed] L. A. Schoolfield, Baltimore, Md. Dated 25th April, 1847.

A power of attorney from L. A. Schoolfield to Thomas McCreary, of Elkton, dated 16th of December, 1851, was also read, authorizing him to arrest the above described negroes.

It is expected to close the testimony on the part of the petitioner to morrow.

Wednesday, January 12.

This morning on the opening of the court a rumour soon became prevalent that the claimant was about to abandon the case.

After some considerable time had elapsed in silence, during which the interest the spectators, who crowded the court room, took in the result was very apparent. Mr. Scott rose and said in substance, that the counsel in this case have concluded to bring it to a peaceful conclusion. That it was a question well calculated to excite the prejudices of the people of the two States, but that the course they were now about to pursue would doubtless have a tendency to quiet any agitation that might exist. That in abandoning the claim on the part of the claimants, to save the time of examining the witnesses in detail, he proposed to state in writing the nature of the testimony on which the claimant founded his claim, in order that Mr. Schoolfield should stand fair before the public, and that it might be seen that he had the strongest evidence to convince him that the negroes in dispute were his property. But that after enquiring into the respectable character of the testimony produced in favour of the petitioner, and finding that it was not of an exclusive class—but an entire neighbourhood—he was not disposed to prosecute his claim any further.

That the petitioner was peculiarly fortunate in procuring testimony, and he would say, that he did not believe there was a white girl in either State, that could prove by such a mass of evidence, her identity.

Mr. Schoolfield also wishes to relieve the jury. The case is one which naturally would excite the feelings which exist among the residents on either side of Mason's and Dixon's line, and an opinion has gone abroad that a slaveholder could not get justice in Pennsylvania, but we do not wish it to appear that a free negro can be brought illegally into this State and unlawfully held in bondage.

Mr. Scott then read the following synopsis of the proof the claimant was prepared to produce.

George McCullough's testimony is, that Thomas McCreary brought the negro girl Elizabeth, to Elkton, in December, 1851; that she stated to witness his inquiring who she was that she had run away from Baltimore and belonged to Mr. Schoolfield. This confession was made when no one was in the room but witness and the negro girl.

John Merrit's testimony is, that each of the negroes in question, confessed repeatedly to him, that they had runaway from Mr. Schoolfield, and were his slaves.

Thomas McCreary's testimony is, that he was informed, that the negro Elizabeth, was the slave of Mr. Schoolfield and, after he arrested her she confessed she belonged to Mr. Schoolfield repeatedly, and and when the said negro was brought into the presence of Mr Schoolfield and several members of his family, she said she knew them, and when asked who the persons were she called them by name. She also made inquiries about the children of Nathaniel Hinson, where she had lived before she ran away, and named and described the children. This she did in the presence of several persons, namely; Mr. Schoolfield, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Winters, Mrs. Schoolfield and Mrs. Dickehut. That negro Elizabeth, told him that her sister lived at Miller's in Chester county. That witness had no doubt at the time of the truth of her story; believed that she bel

mit Mr. Purser Smith to violate the laws of Spain and the Rules laid down for the government of the Island. That Spain, or any other country, has a right to say who shall have the right of landing within its limits, is, we conceive, a well-established point of National Law; though, we may hope, the time will come when it will be scouted as an obsolete barbarism. But as the Code of the Law of Nations now stands, the right of Spain to exclude the great Smith and, in his person, the greater Law (he who claimed to be "the Higher Law") is perfect. We do not deny that South Carolina would have a right to treat our coloured citizens as she does, if she were indeed the Self-sustaining, Independent, Empire that she esteems herself, and which we would to Heaven she were. What we complain of is, that while we have to protect her from foreign enemies and revolting slaves, and even to pay her postage bill for her, she is allowed to spit in our faces while our hands are tied so that we can't box her ears for it. But Spain having excluded the patriotic Purser, as she had an absolute right to do, we cannot too much admire the spirit of long-suffering and forgiveness of injuries which induced us to forbear thrusting him, like a wholesome but unsavoury morsel, down her throat with cannon-sauce.

The nature of this coy reluctance of ours to enter into any Convention with England and France, for the preservation of Cuba to Spain, is well illustrated by one or two other contemporary bits of History. Mr. Everett, we believe, does not quote the famous Monroe Doctrine, that no European Power is to be suffered to interfere in the Affairs of this Continent, in support of his ground. Though it would have come in very pat, still there were a couple of awkward instances which might have been turned against him, and have put his Diplomacy to the blush. For, though we are of too pure eyes to look upon a Convention, the object of which is to keep our hands off of territory that we covet, we have no objection in life to one which ultimately tends to the keeping of another slice hot for us against we are ready for it. We hastened to rush into a Convention with these very same impertinent Powers for the purpose of preventing the Emperor Solouque from consolidating his power by the subjugation of the whole Island of Hayti, and thus putting himself in the way of hindering us from embracing his dominions within the Area of our Freedom. We were all ready, in despite of Mr. Monroe, to strike hands with offending England for the purpose of bullying the poor little Central American States for a purpose of our own—out of which the entertaining dispute between Messrs. Clayton and King has arisen, rather to the discomfiture of the latter. A new proof of the great advantages to Public Men of Total Abstinence from Pen and Ink.

In short, it is quite clear that our objection to European Interference with American Affairs is merely confined to such Intervention as we don't like. We have an omniverous swallow for all that goes to feed fat the rapacious hunger for tropical lands of our Slaveholding masters; but the smallest morsel that smacks of liberty is fatal to us. We are like the giant in Rabelais, whose ordinary diet was wind-mills, but who was choked by incautiously eating a pound of melted butter. Wind-mills we have shown no difficulty in swallowing, and perhaps it is to this dietary that we owe our inflation and tendency to windy gasconade—but when so simple a pot of butter as this agreement not to steal our neighbour's property is offered to us, we reject it with a sure premonition of strangulation. After all, this matter of European Interference is one that depends entirely on the disposition and the ability of the European Powers to Intervene. There is nothing in the mere circumstance of the Atlantic Ocean lying between us (especially, now that it has been reduced by Steam, and is to be yet more reduced by Caloric, to a mere herring pond) that necessarily interferes with the natural proclivity of all merely human men and nations to meddle with what is none of their business—to thrust their fingers into other people's pies. If we have not taken possession of a post in the Mediterranean, as Mr. Everett boasts, it is either because we did n't want it or because we could n't get it. We can assure their Majesties aforesaid that it has been from no redundant or overweening virtue on our part. We have as good a right to interfere with European Affairs as they with ours. And it is only because we have found trading and negro-stealing more profitable business, since we got strong enough, that we have not. But their right corresponds with ours; and, for our part, provided they are disposed to use it for good ends, we wish them God Speed.—E. Q.

PRICES CURENT OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.—The daily reports of the state of the market, in all our city papers, keep the mercantile world well informed as to the prices of Cotton, Tobacco and Rice, but unaccountably omit to notice the rise and fall in the prices of those without whom we should have neither Rice, Cotton, nor Tobacco. The price of labour, all political economists agree, has a mighty influence upon the price of everything else; and be certainly would not be esteemed a wise calculator who, in estimating the cost of sailing a ship, or cultivating a farm, should esteem it a matter of no moment whether the labour suitable to his purpose cost him ten cents or a dollar a day. If the price of labour, then, is so important an element in the cost of any production, the price of labourers cannot be a trifling matter. Our commercial affairs hinge mainly upon the value of Cotton: the Cotton-producer, who may purchase, or hold as so much invested capital, from fifty to a thousand labourers, must sell his cotton according to the market-price of men and women. The merchant who, in laying his plans for the future, leaves out so important an item in his calculations, literally misses an important figure. We know the City Press is not often, if ever, disposed to heed any advice from us, but we shall not, therefore, hold ourselves excused from giving it. The price of labourers should not be omitted in their prices-current. Sections are headed, BEEF: PORK: DRY GOODS: DYE STUFFS: &c. &c. Why not add another—MEN; another—WOMEN; and a third—CHILDREN? Or, if space is an object, use a general head of NIGGERS. Of course they should be distinguished in the usual way, as prime, fair, fair to middling, &c. South Street and Wall Street then would really know what they are about, when basing their calculations upon the condition of the Man-market. We wonder the *Journal of Commerce* has never thought of this, as it has a natural proclivity to negro-trading.

Just now information on this topic is of essential importance; as the tendency is, in times so prosperous, to over-trading, and the price of good men and women—we mean good as relates to the shambles—is much enhanced. The farther South we go, the higher the price; and as that will increase the inter-State trade, so it will affect the price of different staples—here for want of labourers, there because they are so high. The *Fredericksburgh* (Va.) *Herald*, for instance, says that the negroes belonging to the estate of the late Mr. Wellford were recently sold at auction—some forty there were—and that they only brought "very fair prices." "Athletic men" seemed to range about $900; one mother and her six children—it is not stated whether they were sold together, but that is of no consequence—were sold for only $2,600; and another mother with two children for $1,500. In South Carolina, the market seems better. The Saluda Manufacturing Company, at Columbia, has sold off its hands, recently, and the average was $569, while "boys" from 16 to 25 brought $900 to $1,000; and at the same place, at a sale to settle an estate, "young women" were sold as high as from $750 to $850. The editor of the *Lancaster Ledger* attended a sale lately, and was astonished at the high prices; "one blacksmith" brought $1,435, and the average was full as high as those just mentioned. This editor himself, poor man! has lately had to pay $1,000 for a woman. At Winsboro', the case is worse yet; at a large sale made by a Commissioner in Equity, where, the *Register* of that place says, "the negroes were only tolerably likely"—the reader must guard against any confusion of ideas from taking these terms in the ordinary sense—and yet averaged about $620; and in once instance a field hand brought $1,630; but then he *was* 'likely.'

As the price is higher in South Carolina than in Virginia, so, doubtless, the rule holds good as regards South Carolina and States farther South. Indeed, we observe by one report that, at Montgomery, Alabama, "negro fellows not unusually likely," were sold, on the 3d inst., for nearly $1,300.

We, of course, do not pretend to give the state of the market fully, as that is rather out of our line, but these few items happened to come under our notice, and we comment on them for the benefit of our few commercial readers. And we submit whether a purely commercial paper, the *Journal of Commerce*, for instance, or the *Boston Courier*, might not greatly enhance its value by collecting facts relating to this trade. Perhaps it might do good, too, in familiarizing the public mind with the buying and selling of human beings, about which a slight degree of prejudice still exists. It would serve a good purpose, too, at Stafford House. Parliamentary Reports have taught us much of the condition of the poor of England; and as it is held by our newspapers that the slaves are much less to be pitied, particulars of slave-sales would do much to prove their assertions.

ADDRESS FROM CANADA.

THE following Address is sent us in the *Toronto* (Canada) *Globe* of the 11th instant. It is prepared by the Toronto Ladies' Association for the relief of the Destitute Coloured Fugitives, and the charitable duty which they have thus assumed, and to which, we know, they are very faithful, is reason enough, if it were necessary to plead any other than the fact of the existence of Slavery, why they should address the people of the States on this subject. The Address is very plain-spoken and uncompromising, as well as affectionate, and ought, we hope will, do good:

THE AFFECTIONATE ADDRESS OF THOUSANDS OF THE WOMEN OF CANADA TO THEIR SISTERS, THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

"While the women of England, with whom we in this colony are identified, propose to address you on the subject of Negro Slavery, it may not seem an unfitting occasion for us to add, in the same Christian spirit, our suggestions and entreaties. Living so near to the scene of Slavery, and coming daily into contact with its bitter fruits, in the persons of those unhappy fugitives who have been compelled by law to seek an asylum in our country, we cannot but deeply deplore its continuance in the world, and especially in your mighty nation—a nation whose influences for good might be coextensive with the civilized world, were it not for this foul blot, which mars its glory and paralizes its power.

"We would then ask you, in the spirit of Christian love, to use that influence which, as sisters, as daughters, and as mothers, you possess, for the *abolition* of a system which deprives its victims of the fruits of their labour; which substitutes concubinage for the sacred institution of marriage; which abrogates the relation of parent and child, tearing children from the arms of their parents, and parents from each other; which shrouds the intellect of rational beings in the dark gloom of ignorance, and forbids the souls of immortal beings from holding communion with their Maker; and which degrades man, created in the Divine image, to the level of a beast. We repeat not this dark catalogue of crimes needlessly to wound your feeling, or in a spirit of self-complacency, as if we and our fathers were free from all guilt, but with the view of deepening your sympathies on behalf of the sufferers. We ask you to ponder seriously and dispassionately the fact that the system which generates such evils, is becoming daily more deeply rooted in your soil, and hence more difficult to be cured or eradicated. We presume not to dictate to you the mode of action to which your sympathies should lead, but would affectionately suggest the following as peculiarly suited to your sex—to soften the harsh and cruel—to remonstrate with the unfeeling and unjust—to confirm the wavering and to encourage the timid. We do not forget that there are many masters of slaves, who, like Patrick Henry, confess their guilt, and so far pay their devoirs to virtue as to own the excellence and rectitude of her precepts, and lament their want of conformity to them." In the case of such, use your influence to win them into the path of "virtue." We believe that there are many who, like your celebrated Pinckney, declare "that by the eternal principles of natural justice, no master in the State has a right to hold his slave in bondage a single hour," but who are yet timid in their action. Encourage and determine such by your counsel and approbation. In the quiet seclusion of domestic privacy, warn those who desire to extend the area of Slavery, of the difficulties that surround its present limits, and beseech them to think of the final results. Above all, let mothers prayerfully imbue the youthful hearts of their children with those important scripture truths which declare "That God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." "There is no respect of persons with God." "Forbear threatening, for both your and their master is in heaven." "Give unto your servants (slaves) that which is *just* and *equal*." "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you;" and we venture to predict that ere another generation pass away, "every bond shall be broken, and the oppressed will go free; and your great Republic, freed from its heavy incubus, will then truly be a land in which "all men are equal, and have a right to life, *liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness." Women of America, your power for good is great, and great are your responsibilities. Many of you, by your talents, your advocacy of the rights and liberties of mankind, and your self-denying labours on behalf of the injured African race, command the admiration of mankind. To encourage such in their works of love, and to arouse others to use more energetically the means with which Nature hath endowed them for similar purposes, we now venture to address you, and earnestly pray that to you, the women of the United States, may belong the imperishable honour of removing from your soil the iniquitous system of Slavery, which that noble spirit—the ornament of your country—Judge Jay, has described as "a sin of crimson dye," and the "abolition of which in your land was amongst the *first* wishes of the immortal Washington."

☞ IT is interesting to see a man successfully accomplish that difficult but agreeable feat of being on both sides and on top of the fence at the same time. A week or two ago, the souls of some of the Liberty-loving prelates of this city were moved to have a public meeting to protest against the imprisonment of an Italian gentleman and his wife in Tuscany for having abandoned the Catholic faith. A string of Resolutions was read and adopted, and speeches full of excellent good principles, when it was the Grand Duke of Tuscany that was to digest and apply them, were made by Drs. Bethune, Cox, Baird and others, and sanctioned by the presence of various lay gentlemen, such as Mr. Harper, who expurgates books for the Southern trade, and others, upon the platform.

The arguments were good enough, the eloquence would pass muster, and the cause was an excellent one; the only difficulty in the way of accepting the display for what it professed to be was that not a man of them who figured there but would denounce as fanaticism, as treason, and every other bad thing, a proposition to give to their own countrymen the Book for reading which the Madiais were imprisoned. But the *New York Times*—it is that we are aiming at—the next morning comes up to the help of the Doctors in a long article, beginning thus:

It sounds like fiction to say that in one of the enlightened States of Christendom, within the present year, men, women and children are thrown into dungeons, or driven into banishment, like the most degraded criminals, for no other offence than *having* and *reading* the Holy Bible. Such tales carry us back into dark ages, when the martyr fires blazed high in front of Baliol College, Oxford—when John Rogers, with those nine little ones whom sacred nursery lore has made familiar to every heart, stood burning in Smithfield, now London's great cattle mart—or when in wild and rugged Scotland, simple rustic faith sought the shelter of rocks and savage glens for the little children of its love. To dream of the return of such days and of such scenes, brings the shapeless horror of nightmare to the heart.

This was not only a good jump back on the further side of the fence, but it includes a very elegant example of grand and lofty tumbling in the way of style at the same time. But hear the *Times* a few days after, when certain Catholics of mark had taken exception to the tone of the meeting. The fence is cleared handsomely and our gentleman makes his bow from the other side of it. This also is but a paragraph from an article.

We "respectfully invite," also, in the words of our Correspondent, the attention of the Reverend Doctors "to matters nearer home." There is a legislation, not many hundred miles from the meeting in Metropolitan Hall, under the same broad shield of government, which not only imprisons men when they have read illegal publications, but makes it a crime even to learn to read. A legislation which in its natural operation would do an injustice as much worse than that to the Madiai, as cutting off the *possibility* of reading the Bible, is than taking away a single copy of the Bible itself. This code, so offensive to every free and religious mind, is not bound up with the difficulties which encumber the system itself. It is not a subject beyond the cognizance of any Christian man. It is not a political or economic question, but simply a question of religious Freedom. The slave may be taught to read, and furnished with the Bible, without ever deciding when or how Slavery is to be abolished.

Yet against this open, legalized, high-handed injustice and wrong, we do not hear that these Rev. Doctors have protested; or that the churches which they represent have protested; or that the whole Protestant Church has anywhere appealed.

Was ever anything done better? But it is a way the *Times* has, only it is not always quite so successful.

ANTI SLAVERY IN MICHIGAN.—MR. G. B. Stebbins, who has recently been making a lecturing tour in Michigan, speaks encouragingly of the prospects of the Cause in that State. In a letter just received, dated Tecumseh, he says: "I am just drawing to the close of my tour in Michigan, having travelled some ten weeks, and held about sixty meetings. The first four weeks were spent in the vicinity of Adrian, thence going northward to Ypsilanti, eastward as far as Plymouth, some twenty miles from Detroit, and westward to Battle Creek. Most of my meetings have been in country neighbourhoods, wherever a large school district of the right stamp could be found. I have also spoken in three Friends' Meeting Houses (Orthodox), and *near* one at Adrian, which is closed by influence of the elders—alias Quaker priesthood.

"There is usually a good degree of candour. The Old Line Democrats do not turn out much, but their families will, so that *fogyism* is in a fair way to die out with its ancient supporters.

"This is, you know, a strong Democratic State, under the influence of that prince of doughfaces, Lewis Cass; but Democracy overshadows the popular mind less than I expected. The people (with the old fogy exceptions above named) are quite disposed to hear in the country. In towns where rotten politcians and priests congregate, there is more bigotry and an idea that Anti-Slavery is of little consequence. But in Ann Arbor, Parker Pillsbury had good gatherings, and yesterday (Sunday), I had three excellent meetings in Adrian. An early and influential resident near Adrian, Darius Comstock, an Orthodox Friend, exerted an excellent and healthful influence, and the meetings of J. W. Walker and others have done a good work there. The population in the country around has a mingling of intelligent and liberal people, particularly some Friends *in principle*, who have outgrown disciplines and Elders. A company of women have been working most faithfully in a Sewing Circle, and, as the result of their efforts, have just sent a box of goods to the Ohio Anti-Slavery Fair, at Salem, worth over a hundred dollars. They are still meeting fortnightly, and preparing for another year. To day I go to a thickly-settled country neighbourhood, a few miles distant, to hold three or four meetings in a church. On Sunday next, I go back to Adrian to hold more meetings."

The meeting at Adrian was to be Mr. Stebbins' last in Michigan. His intention after that was to return home for a brief season of rest.

SLAVERY IN NEW YORK.—Mr. D. B. Taylor, of this city, brought in a Bill for the establishment of Slavery in this State for a limited period, on Thursday last. It is as follows:

AN ACT to modify the existing law in relation to the bringing into and conveying through any part of this State persons held to service in another State.

The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION I. Any person, not being an inhabitant of this State, who shall be travelling to or from, or passing through this State, may bring with him any person lawfully held by him in Slavery, and may take such person with him from this State; but the person so held in Slavery shall not reside or continue in this State more than thirty days, and if such residences be continued beyond that time, such person shall be free.

In presenting it, Mr. Taylor said:

He did not desire to discuss the merits of his Bill at this time. He merely wished to say that his Bill is a copy verbatim, except as to the time of residence, which was nine months, and which is reduced by this Bill to thirty days, of an Act in the revised Statutes of 1830, which was copied from a law of 1817. The same provision is contained in the Revised Statues of 1801, and was re-enacted in 1813. It was heretofore enforced for forty years under Governors George Clinton, Morgan Lewis, Daniel D. Tompkins, De Witt Clinton, Joseph C. Yates, Martin Van Buren, Enos T. Throop, and William L. Marcy, and was repealed in 1841, under William H. Seward.

When the law passed the Senate in 1817, Martin Van Buren was a member of that body, and voted for it. I have no objection to sending the Bill to the Judiciary Committee, trusting that that Committee will give it their early attention, and report it back to this House, that a vote may be taken thereon. It was so referred.

We presume, as Mr. Taylor asserted that he did not mean to discuss the subject on presenting the Bill, that he has not used the strongest arguments in its favour; at least, were he a friend of ours, we should hope not, for his own sake. Evidently the best reason that presented itself to his mind on this occasion was, that a law repealed during the administration of Governor Seward ought, therefore, to be re-enacted; and his next best reason is, that the law was an old law, and must, therefore, be a good one. Perhaps we do not feel the full weight of these two propositions, but we cannot acknowledge ourself fully convinced till we have heard further discussion. So we unite with Mr. Taylor in wishing that the Judiciary Committee will give the subject their early attention.

THE PARKER CASE.—The evidence in this case will be found in our paper of this week, and will be read with great interest by our subscribers in Pennsylvania, where the trial has caused a good deal of excitement, and where the facts in the case are best known. One of these girls, it will be remembered, was seized and hurried off to Baltimore, about a year since, on the plea that she was a fugitive slave, and Mr. Miller, who followed her there to prove her freedom, was found in the woods, a day or two after, where he was, undoubtedly, conveyed after having been murdered.

The evidence on the trial was so conclusive as to the girl's freedom that the claimant abandoned his claim before all the evidence on her behalf was given in. Judge Bell, one of her counsel, has addressed the following letter to the Chester County (Pa.) papers, in which, it seems to us, he gives rather more credit than is absolutely called for to the disposition of "our Southern brethren," considering that the girls were first kidnapped, and that the employer of one of them was murdered for taking steps to establish her right to freedom. The following is Judge Bell's Letter:

BALTIMORE, Jan. 12, 1853.

To the Editors of the Chester County Newspapers.

GENTLEMEN: As I know the people of Chester county, have, in common with their fellow citizens, felt a deep interest in the result of the investigation that has been going on here for the last two days, in relation to the abduction of the two girls, Rachel and Elizabeth Parker, from the lower end of the county about a year ago, I have the pleasure of saying that the Counsel of the claimant, being unable longer to resist the clear and convincing testimony given on the part of the petitioners (the supposed slaves), this morning consented to verdicts establishing their freedom. This is a signal instance of the triumph of truth over prejudice and falsehood, as it is a gratifying proof that our Southern brethren are disposed to accord to the negroes their accustomed rights.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to the host of witnesses from Chester county, and the neighbouring districts, who promptly, upon the call of justice and humanity, exchanged the comforts of home for the inconveniences and supposed dangers of sojourn in a strange city, for an indefinite period, under circumstances well calculated to deter a merely selfish person from obeying the summons. This praise is peculiarly due to the numerous ladies of our county, whose sense of right overcome every merely personal consideration. As their attendance in this city, for the last ten days, was purely voluntarily, I have deemed it due to them, to make this personal acknowledgment on the part of Pennsylvania.

I have no time to enter into further details. If you design to publish the testimony in Extenso, you will find it in the "*Baltimore Sun*," of the current dates.

I am very respectfully, yours

THOS. S. BELL.

PRESENT TO MRS. STOWE.—The *Boston Post* says "that a splendid bronze statue of a female slave, executed in Paris by an English artist named Cumberworth, who resided several years in the West India Islands, is about to be presented to Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe. The statue has been on exhibition at the Fair in Horticultural Hall, for several days, and was purchased by subscription, at a cost of $125, by the friends and admirers of her late work."

Whether this report be true or not, we do not know, but an interesting account of this artist, and, we presume, of this very statue, may be found in an article by Mrs. Chapman in the Liberty Bell for 1853.

☞ We are indebted to HON. CHARLES SUMNER, of the U. S. Senate, for public documents of value

Domestic Correspondence.

LETTER FROM J. H. PHILLEO.

WEST HARTWICK, Otsego Co., Jan. 8, 1853.

DEAR GAY: Within the three last months, I have several times attempted a brief report of our labours in New York, for the *Standard*, but, for want of leisure and good eyesight, have failed as often. About the first of May last, I was attacked with very severe inflamation of the eyes, which confined me to a close room nearly the whole of the past summer, and from the effects of which I have not yet recovered. So I shall now be able to only glance hastily, in a general manner, at the field over which we have passed.

We (my wife and self) left our home, for the lecturing field, about the 1st October. Since then, we have passed over a considerable extent of territory, holding evening meetings during the week, and during the day on Sundays, as often as circumstances would permit. The Land Reformers claim that a man has an undoubted right to all the land he can occupy, this side of infringing on his neighbour's *equal* right. So, I suppose we have a right, in the absence of other Anti-Slavery lecturers, to as much of the Anti-Slavery field as we can occupy. We are, as near as I can learn, left "alone in our glory" in this State. Mrs. P. having gone on to Jefferson County, I spent a few months alone, in Wayne County, where I was very kindly received by Anti-Slavery friends, among whom are Griffith M. Cooper, Peters Allen, and Silas Anthony, who keep Anti-Slavery hotels in the town, and near the village of Williamson: also, Rev. James Grieg, a radical and *fearless* Anti-Slavery and Anti-Sectarian Preacher, who lives in a neighbouring village called Pultneyville. From Wayne, I proceeded to join Mrs. P., in Watertown, Jefferson County, holding a few meetings by the way. Of Watertown, I have only time to say, at present, that while it contains a few free (not disembodied) spirits, the *popular* influence of the place, religious, political and social, blights and withers every green thing in the shape of practical reform. Our meetings there, five or six in number, were, as usual in such places, in point of numbers, respectably small. For much of our little success there, we were indebted to the ceaseless efforts of a Mrs. Angel, a very worthy and influential lady, residing in the village. From Watertown, we proceeded in an easterly direction, through Jefferson and Lewis Counties into Herkimer, and thence to Otsego, where we now are, holding from one to five meetings in each of the principal places on our route.

We spent some two weeks in the town of Philadelphia, Jefferson County, making our headquarters the house of our kind friend, Mahland Strickland, whose excellent wife, besides making us feel quite at home while there, exerted herself in a very praiseworthy and effectual manner in favour of our meeting. In Lewis County, we passed a few days, very pleasantly—meeting hours excepted—in the family of Asa D Wright (commonly known as Douglass Wright), of Deer River; also, a few days in the family of Thomas Rogers, of Port Leydon. By the way, in our list of collections, published in the *Standard* of Dec. 16, you make me say Asa D. and Sedate Bright. It should be Wright.) The three families above named are Friend Quakers, of the ultra-reform stamp. Perhaps there is no sect or class of people between the radical and conservative portions of whom there is so marked a difference, as the Quakers. The former are open, frank, liberal and generous. Whether you are a Quaker or not, whether of their peculiar type of reform or not, you are at home, in spite of yourself, the moment you fall into their hands—more so you could not be, if you were under your own mother's roof. The latter are formal, distant, reserved—cold and forbidding as icebergs—wrapped up in self-righteous cloaks of a thousand folds each. The most unapproachable creature in human shape, and the most hopeless of reformation, is a *conservative anti-reform Quaker*.

In most of the above-mentioned sections, our meetings have been numerously attended, and characterized by a deeper feeling of interest, among the masses, than we have before seen manifested. Occasionally, however, the things we can't help saying produce a good deal of squirming, and sometimes we get the cold shoulder altogether. In Newport, Herkimer County, we tried, in vain, to procure a house for meetings. Our want of success was owing, doubtless, to the fact that there are in the place one distillery, several liquor-selling establishments, and four religious societies, in full blast. The Universalists, who own a meeting-house, were, of course, very deeply interested in the fate of the Slave. They were very sorry their house could not be used for Anti-Slavery meetings. How could they be otherwise? Is not their church based upon the '*glorious*' doctrine of the Brotherhood of the race? Is not the Slave a torn and crushed member of that Brotherhood? Is not God, their loving and loveable Father, continually and eternally interested in the efforts for the redemption of His oppressed creatures from their thraldom? How, then, could they fail to feel a deep interest in the movement? They could not; they did not. Their pious and affectionate hearts mourned and bled for their poor brethren and sisters in bonds. But, *poor souls!* They were in a very unpleasant predicament. What was the matter? Why, in the Constitution of their Church, they had, years ago, provided that their house should *not* be opened to the "pleaders for the *torn* and *haunted poor*." O, these enlightened and benevolent Christians! how they appreciate the love that prompted the "*all-glorious Father*" to send His only and beloved Son into the world to suffer and *die* for His wretched and helpless children!—these sticklers for a common Brotherhood! how they remember those in bonds, as bound with them! Or rather how they *would* remember them, if they only had not bound themselves to forget them. Had the ruffians who once conspired against the life of Paul found opportunity to consummate the deed, they could not, in honour, have violated their oath of agreement and saved his life. How can it be expected, by rational men, that our brethren of the Southern States will perform the duty of emancipation, notwithstanding they greatly desire to do so, and, but for the interference of the Abolitionists, would have done so, long ere this—when they have passed laws prohibiting it? Then, let no one censure these large-hearted, high-minded Universalist brethren of Newport for their *seeming pro*-Slaveryism. Nothing would have kept them from opening their house but the reason above stated.

But, seriously, what do such Universalists know, or care to know, of the principles they profess? What care they for the rights and interests of plundered humanity? If their God really possesses the character they ascribe to Him, they are, in His sight, the most despicable creatures on earth. If Christ is, in spirit and purpose, what they declare Him to be, there is between them and Him no sympathy. Were He, in His own person, hunted, like a wild beast, through this land, they would, if their personal or sectarian interests seemed to require it, as readily close their doors against *His* advocates as they now do against the advocates of His outraged and perishing poor. What impious mockery is the worship of such men? How long yet will it take the world, or the honest portion of it, to discover the hollowness and hypocrisy of such professions?

I take pleasure in saying that their minister, Rev. Mr. Anderson, spoke from his pulpit in favour of our having the house.

In Cooperstown, Otsego Co., the Methodist brethren condescended to let us into the *cellar-kitchen* of their church. We had Noticed two meetings, but, as they, for some reason, came near freezing us to death, the first evening, we concluded to withdraw our appointment for the second. At Fly Creek, near Cooperstown, our meetings were large and enthusiastic; also at Fork Mills, one mile distant. Old friends and new we found there, to entertain and cheer us, by word and act. We held a few meetings in West Winfield, making our home, the while, in the family of our esteemed friends, L. G. Thomas and his most excellent wife. But of them I need not speak. They are known to all the Anti-Slavery world as the "*true and tried*" in Freedom's cause. We are now in West Hartwick, forn. 'y called *Peth*, and, judging from appearances, its former name was better suited to its character than the one it now bears. Considerable excitement has been got up here, recently, in reference to whether there are three Gods or only one belonging to the Christians. I think an inquiry as to the *character* rather than the number of their Gods would be quite as interesting and profitable. But my sheet is nearly full.

Yours as ever, J. H. PHILLEO.

Miscellaneous News.

SECRETARY EVERETT delivered the Address at the Annual Meeting of the American Colonisation Society in Washington on Tuesday evening.

THE brain of the late Amos Lawrence, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Boston, was found to weigh two ounces more than that of Mr. Webster.

AMONG the runaway negro advertisements in the New Orleans papers, is one concerning a "boy" Stephen, who is "a very light mulatto," with blue eyes and brownish hair, and is, moreover, an habitual runaway.

MR. WINTHROP DECLINES.—The Boston *Daily Advertiser* publishes a letter from Mr. Winthrop, declining to be considered a candidate for election to the Senate of the United States.

AN Indiana paper says: Amos Worthington, of Cairo, is dead. He was an unpretending man, lived unostentatiously, and supplied the people with fish. His last words were characteristic. "I say, Pritchard, I'm going to 'peg' right off. I've flirted my last fish; but bury my tackle with me—who knows but they'll bite in Jordan."

DURING the years 1851 and 1852, there have been transported from Virginia to Liberia, 333 free negroes, at a cost of $19,280. Of this sum, only $4,750 have been drawn from the treasury—while the tax upon the free negroes has, in the same two years, amounted to at least $15,000. Of the $19,280 expended in the transportation of free negroes from this State, in the years 1851 and 1852, the Colonisation Society has collected from individual subscriptions, &c., the sum of $15,225.

THE "RELIGIOUS TEST."—A resolution was recently introduced into the Senate of New Hampshire, declaring the "religious test" in the constitution of that State "unjust, anti-republican, and contrary to the spirit of the present age," and that when the proper time for holding a Convention to revise the constitution shall arrive, the members will spare no efforts to induce the people to assist the calling of such a Convention, and to abrogate the test. This resolution passed the Senate unanimously, and by a vote of 209 to 9 in the House. It is contended that another Convention cannot be held till the expiration of seven years from the last, or in 1857.—*Lowell* (Mass.) *Journal and Courier*, Jan. 11.

THERE lives near the mouth of the Great Miami a coloured man named Frank Malson, who has walked from New Orleans to Cincinnati seventeen times! Before the application of steam to purposes of navigation, he followed the piloting of flatboats and keels down the river, and invariably walked back. On one occasion, when returning, he carried with him a skillet, handsaw, and an axe, the whole distance. He was one of the first settlers on the tract of land known as Symmes' purchase, and witnessed the erection of the first building on the site which Cincinnati now occupies. No man, perhaps, ever endured greater hardships and lived to reach his age. Another year and he will have seen his hundredth.

IN the Massachusetts House, January 6, the principal candidates for Chaplain were the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher and Rev. Stephen Lovell, Methodist, and formerly, if not now, assistant editor of the *Olive Branch*. On the first ballot, Dr. Beecher had 96, and Mr. Lovell 89; on the second, Beecher 114, Lovell 113; on the third, Beecher 106, Lovell 152—138 being necessary for a choice. Mr. Lovell was accordingly elected. Dr. Coggswell advocated the choice of Mr. Lovell, on the ground that he was the father of ten children. This argument was met by a stronger claim of the same kind in behalf of Dr. B., who has been the father of thirteen. But the point was finally carried in behalf of Mr. Lovell, by the statement that he had just taken to himself *a new wife!*

The Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, of the 11th, has the following items:

INSOLENT.—On Saturday evening, a free negro named Benjamin H. Smith, refused to give the footway to Mr John Priddy, used insolent language towards him, and trespassed on his premises. Yesterday the Mayor ordered Mr. Black Insolence 20 lashes and to be committed in default of $50 security.

DISCHARGED.—Charlotte Coy, a free negress, was arrested with Powhattan papers on Sunday evening last. She was ordered to return to Powhattan County yesterday, and upon promising to fulfil the order, was discharged.

COMMITTED.—John Isaacs and Sterling Logan, two free negroes, were, on yesterday, severally committed for want of registers.

COMMITTED.—Rebecca Cousins, a free negress, was on yesterday committed in default of a register.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—The sale of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" is prodigious. Five of the journals are now publishing it as a *feuilleton*. The future French opinion on American Slavery will be based on Mrs. Stowe's book.—*Paris Corof the Picayune.*

"Have you seen it?" asked a neighbour the next morning after a late arrival from California.

"No," was our reply, "but have you?"

"Yes, I sat up last night and read the first volume."

"Where did you get it?"

"I cannot say, twenty-five names are now on the list."

We concluded there was no chance for us until the next arrival, if this copy must be thumbed by twenty-five readers.

P. S.—The *Messenger Bird* has since arrived and brought a supply of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," and it has been our privilege to read the book. Most sincerely we hope every American at home and abroad may enjoy the same privilege. Especially we hope, those Senators and Representatives may read it who voted for the Fugitive Slave Law—those time-serving ministers of the Gospel who endeavour to justify Slavery by the Bible—those multitudes of Christian professors who are so indifferent to the accursed evils of Slavery—and finally, we hope all ultra men both in the Colonisation and Abolition ranks, will read the book.—*Honolulu* (Sandwich Islands) *Friend.*

ABORTIVE ROWDYISM.—The following missive, we are informed, was privately circulated among the students of the Jefferson Medical College at the time of the recent Anti-Slavery Fair:

"The pro-slavery party of the Jefferson College will please assemble and *tare down* a flag in opposition to Southern *Feeling* and *Slavery*, on Tenth and Chestnut. There are many students in favour of it, and all that will engage will be of the *right pluck*. Please keep this moving when you read it. Send it round to all—by so doing, you will oblige,

"To the RIGHT PLUCK." "MANY STUDENTS."

As the flag alluded to was not torn down, we infer that the 'pluck' demanded for the valourous enterprise was found wanting. Perhaps the young sprigs from the 'sunny South' were hot without their fears that the police might administer to them a dose not more palatable than some of those which they are taught to compound by the Professor of *Materia Medica*. It is not as easy as it once was for a company of hot-headed youngsters from the South to raise an anti-abolition mob in Philadelphia.—*Pa. Freeman.*

PUBLIC SENTIMENT ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION.—Mr. Wendell Phillips, in his Address, Tuesday evening, at the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, mentioned a couple of facts of interest, as indicating the public opinion of England and the United States, respectively, on the Slave Question.

All remember the celebrated tracts of Carlyle, in which, in reference to the negro race, as personified in "Quashee," he portrayed its indolence and incompetency, and the necessity of compelling it to labour for its subsistence. So offensive were these passages, said Mr. Phillips, to the sentiment of England and the continent, that, in a recent republication of those celebrated essays, Mr. Carlyle, unwilling that his writings should go down to posterity thus in conflict with the views of his countrymen, *entirely expurgated every passage relating to the negro race!* Thus was a tribute paid to the sound Anti-Slavery sentiment of Europe.

On the other hand, said Mr. P., is the instance of George Bancroft, the historian, who, in the *first* volume of his History of America, written while he was a simple professor at a modest seminary in Northampton, inserted many passages in his history of the colonies of New England and New York, so liberal and generous upon the question of Slavery as at the present day to entitle him to be regarded as among the most 'fanatical' on that great question. But, yielding to the servile demands of the public sentiment of *our* country, he has, said Mr. Philips, in his later editions, expunged every one of those passages from the stereotype plates, or so modified them as to give no offence to the least prejudiced against the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the age! Such is the tribute which an author pays to the Slave Power of his country!—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.—We are most happy to announce to the contributors to the late Fair, that it was as successful and as numerously attended as could have been anticipated, considering the exceedingly uncomfortable state of the roads and the weather. The Town Hall was, as usual, beautifully decorated with evergreen wreaths, twined by more than willing hands, and tastefully arranged under the superintendence of our faithful friend, J. W. Walker. The tables were nicely arranged, everybody worked with alacrity and right good will, and there was no want of volunteer help in every department where application or labour was needed. Thanks for the better day.

At the close of the Fair, there was an auction of goods, that were becoming unsaleable in consequence of being kept on hands for some time.

The receipts are, in full	$321.74
Expenses, Rent, Transportation, &c.,	53,71
Net proceeds,	$268,03

Some of our most valuable goods remain on hand, and will probably be sold during the year. We gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to friends abroad, who sent us boxes or parcels, and we do hope that they were as much blessed in spirit in giving, as we were in receiving. We shall not soon forget the gush of grateful feeling that came over us as a new baptism in our cherished work, as we opened the boxes, and removed the articles one by one, from whence careful hands had placed them. You will not marvel that we felt a deep interest in the Adrian box, for we knew they had been working for us all the year. That little purse with "material aid for the *Bugle*," reached its destination. Our old and dear friends of Boston and Philadelphia furnished us with articles of much value and beauty, both useful, ornamental, and rich in variety. The articles from Battle Creek were bright and beautiful; their flowers, and those from New Lyme seemed fragrant with love, and that little box of pretty and fresh new things from Cincinnati, came to us as a new joy, it was so gracefully and genially tendered. The wreaths from Garrettsville, brought by friends over long rough roads, have a fresh place in our memory. A handsome quilt, from a friend in Franklin Co., looking as though the stitches were all measured from the first one set, remains on hand, to grace some lady's bed at some future time.

Our kind regard is due, and is hereby freely tendered, to Mr. Tiffany for a short and excellent address pertinent to the occasion, and also to Messrs. Boon, Douglass & Thorn, for their so

Miscellaneous Department.

A BREEZE FROM LAKE ONTARIO.

BY CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

"With a noble aim,
To dare as nobly, is there harm in that?"
PROMETHEUS BOUND.

"Oh, holy knowledge, holy liberty,
O holy rights of nations! If I speak
These bitter things against the juggiery
Of days, that in your name proved blind and weak,
It is that tears are bitter."

"Bitter things I write
Because my soul is bitter for your sake,
Oh Freedom!"
CASA GUIDI WINDOWS.

IT was a gusty afternoon. A cold heavy wind from the Lake lifted the dry snow, and hurled it like small pebbles in one's face. Not many things would have tempted me, weak and shivering, from my fireside; but because I was an American, and had a freeman's work to do, I wrapt myself up and went out. The door bell had been ringing incessantly all the morning. A full score of coloured fugitives had presented their claims, for food, money, or clothing, as their necessities dictated. I did not dare to send them away, as I do the white beggars that swarm to my gate on the least encouragement, neither could I relieve them on the instant. They were a motley crew; some of suspiciously unsteady gate or odoriferous breath, some of indolent make and lazier habits. One women, I felt quite sure, had borrowed the baby which she dandled in a manner so mysteriously uncomfortable. I listened to the stories of all, took down their names, residences, and occupations, and promised to seek them out. One or two cases seemed urgent, so as soon as an early dinner would permit, I was on my way to the quarter designated. All the afternoon I wandered back and forth, within these limits, without being able to identify one of my applicants. Many a happy family I saw, many a chubby black child volunteered to be my guide, and led me from one house to another in prosecution of my anxious search. Into many a narrow lane, close yard, and forgotten by-way, did I penetrate that stormy afternoon, where, as I afterward found, the "lady with a spy-glass" formed the topic of harmless gossip for many a subsequent month. Wholly discouraged, just as the sun was going down behind the gleaning lake, I bethought me of a neighbouring grocery, where I might ask some questions. It was kept by a tidy little English woman, who knew nothing of those I sought.

"But, madam," said she, observing my weary look, "There are plenty of the fugitives, and if you have anything to spare them, it would be a mercy. There is one old woman who comes here quite often. She was here just now, and told me she had no wood." "What is her name, and what do you know of her?" I asked. "Her name is Eliza Thomas," replied the woman, "and I know nothing of her, but that she is honest and very poor. I keep this little shop, and I cannot afford to give much—that little I wish to bestow where it will do the most good. So, when these suffering black people come along, I just trust them for a little sugar or tea. If they are dishonest, I never see them again, and I do not lose much. If they come back, I often find it in my power to do them a great deal of good, by giving them short credit." "And Eliza Thomas?" "She always pays, ma'am, and very promptly, too; but this cold winter is almost too much for her." I looked hesitatingly at the sky. The inferior streets in Toronto are seldom numbered, and there were in this direction, few landmarks by which I might be guided. After a fruitless search of half an hour, it grew very dark, and I returned to the little shop. Giving its mistress my name, I told her to send the old woman to me, whenever she appeared. The next day it stormed heavily. I sat by my nursery fire, the children playing about me, and the everlasting stocking basket at my side. It was near twelve o'clock, when, after a light rap on the door, it slowly opened to admit the bowed, half frozen frame of one of the blackest women I remember to have seen. She wore a warm, quaint looking plaid, and a close black silk hood. My little boy placed a chair for her by the stove; and when she was warm enough to talk, both he and my baby girl listened, awestruck, to the broken accents which told the following story. "Are you a Guinea negro?" was my first question, for that shrivelled frame might well have seen more than a century. "No, missis," she answered, "but my granny was, and a thousand times blacker than I, though I dare say young master, there, thinks I'm black enough. They ketched her—la! I've heerd her tell many a time, how she left her babies sleeping in her hut, while her husband was gone away to fish. She warn't afraid of nothing, and she went down to the shore a-gathering broom-sedge. The pirates had spread bright-coloured kerchiefs over the bushes. They stuck to the thorns, and while she was a-pulling of 'em off, they bound her hands, and carried her away to the hold of the ship. Many a dead body was lifted from her side and flung overboard during the long, hot voyage; but she lived, lived to see more children of hern, in old Virginny."

"And where were you born?" "In Maryland, missis. In Frederick County, fourteen miles from Noland's ferry. It was old Gineral Nelson's place, and I was Miss Jenny's maid. They were good people and kind to me. But at last a Mr. Waters come along, and my young missis was married, and I went with her to Georgetown. Mr. Waters was a Methodist, and his church forbid him to hold a Slave, unless he freed her when she come of age. But after I had nussed Miss Jenny's four babies, she died away like a rose in the summer, and old Col. Hook, of Frederick County, who had bought my mother, come down to buy me, too. My time was not quite out, and massa made him promise that he would free me, just as soon as ever it was. And so he would, for he was a man of his word, but the very day after we got back to the county, he was caught in a saw-mill, and drawn out like a plank. I saw him myself a-dying on the grass, and you couldn't tell he'd ever been a man. Them was awful times for us. There was an auction, and we were poor ignorant things, and did not know *how much of ourself* we owned."

"Was there any other so sadly off as yourself?" I asked. "Oh, yes, there was a-many that ought to have gone free, only the son had no conscience. There was my husband, Josh Gowins. If Col. Hook had a-lived, he wouldn't a-had but three year to work, but he was sold at the block, jis like the cattle, and stript half naked that they might see he was strong. But the Lord was merciful. Gin'ral Sam Ringold, of Washington County, bought us both, and our five children, so that we needn't be separate. I dare say you knowd Gin'ral Sam?"

"Yes, I knew General Ringgold; his son was killed in the Mexican war!" "The very same; a terrible stroke that. All our hearts ached for old missis. But I was away long before that. Here I spun and sewed and quilted and lived comfortable, for they treated me well, they did. I had two children, but they died. It was no matter for that, they went free to Heaven. The Gin'ral died, and there was another auction, and they sold one of my girls away from me. My husband was dead, and they sent me away to ole Virginny, with four children. Two on 'em went, I don't know where, and two on 'em went with me to Tokay County, to ole Sam Hit. It's a cussed place, that ole Virginny, and there I was worked to the death. I married Harry Thomas, who was ole Missis Carter's boy. I had three children, but I only raised one. The beasts in the field couldn't a-raised their young, worked as I was worked. Early and late, on those cold mountain sides, I carried stone, with a sheep-skin apron on, I dug an ice house, and as I was the only woman he had, I tended sixteen cows and a hundred pigs, all through one cold winter, freezing my ears and feet, many's the time. I was whipped to death, missis, that I was, and the scars'll go to the grave with me. Never *before*, if I've a tongue in my head."

"That was hard, indeed," I interrupted. "Hard! missis, 'twas t'other side of hard; but the Lord didn't forget me. My husband was twenty years older than me, and his ole missis thought she might die, and leave him to a hard master, so she gave him a pass and hurried him off to Hagarstown. He wouldn't go without me, missis, may the Lord forever bress his ole bones for that! I had a daughter in Hagarstown. She was free by right, but her missis married an ole scamp jis before she died. Then everything went to pot, and they sold my girl right in the face of the will, to pay the debts, and not her missis' debts either. Well, I went right to her, and they guessed I would, and so they ketched me easy."

"How did they treat you then?" "No worse, they couldn't. They chained my legs together, and beat me dreadful. But after six months or so, they got tired, and then Missis Carter sent for me. 'Eliza,' says she, 'why didn't you go off with Harry?' 'I couldn't, ma'am,' says I, 'they ketched me.' So she wrote me a pass as she lay on her bed, and that blessed night I was off to Hagarstown again. I had a hard time of it though, for my ole man was a-waiting for me furder on, at Harrisburg."

"How old are you?" I asked, suddenly, for I could scarce reconcile the energy with which the old woman spoke, with her withered face and crone-like figure. "I've been treated so, missis, I've forgot all my knowledge. I can't think, no how, but when I was in Hagarstown, I went to my young missis. She is seventy-one. She was Miss Kitty Nelson, and she married a Lawrence, and she told me, I was seventy-five, and that's all I know"

"Poor creature," said I, "you have suffered a great deal." "A deal, missis, a deal. You see they hated me so, and yet it wasn't me they hated; but nothing could beat them Hits for natural spite! And so, you see, missis, eight years ago, we got safe to New York, where my old man took care of gardens up town, and I found friends among the ladies. Then this dreadful law was passed, and Harry said, please God, I'll set my foot in Canada; but he was upwards of ninety, and it wasn't easy moving. We came in the spring. They cheated us, on the road. My daughter and her boy died, and we got carried round to Hamilton. We was a long time getting here, and then this winter there was no work but chopping. Feeble as he was—and nobody's spry at ninety—my ole man walked three miles out into the woods, at five every morning, and never came back for his dinner till it was dark. Every week I kept hoping I'd get some money, but they wouldn't give him any till he'd chopped twenty cords, and long before that he was down with the rheumatis. Now he can't lift his hand to his head, and I have to work or beg for both; but he didn't forsake me, and I'll never forsake him, God Almighty help me," and the poor old thing burst into tears.

My children listened sadly, and befors I could speak, my golden-haired Lily, a little more than two years old, gathered up the bright coloured beans, with which she was playing, and poured them into her lap. Little could her childish heart take in the tale of misery to which they had listened, but her quick eye penetrated to the need of food, and she said imploringly, "Take these, poor old aunty, and put them in your pot, and stew the old man some soup." "Lord love you, darling," said the old woman, drying her eyes, "Lord love you, I have whole bags of peas and beans in the house, but if I was starving, I couldn't touch them, for I brought them for seed, and please God, when the weather turns warm, I'll find a bit of ground, somewhere, and raise finer beans than these, my baby."

Those who have followed my story thus far, will be glad to know that flannels and food were soon provided for this feeble pair, and that God *did please* to let them raise still finer beans than those. She and her husband still live, crippled by the rheumatism contracted in their terrible journey, and the exposures of that terrible winter. Contrary to my usual practice, I have preserved in this sketch the true names of Eliza's owners. They give, in this case, the air of verity, which her tale requires, being persons well known throughout the Union, and for the most part beloved by their dependents. As for "them Hits," may their "natural spite" sustain them under the mortification! It is not always those who have bad owners, who suffer most under a sytem like this, and it is my purpose to show that the accidents against which Slavery cannot provide are pregnant with sufferings quite as severe as those it distinctly authorizes or encourages. It is not in Slave States alone that coloured people are wronged for their colour's sake. Instead of being brought from Lewistown to Toronto, by the Lake, a short and pleasant journey, Eliza Thomas and her aged husband were guided to Hamilton, and thence worked their way by land to Toronto. Beset by all the difficulties with which Canadian cupidity could surround them, and losing a feather for every question they asked, they reached this city impoverished and distracted. It is not uncommon to hear fugitives say that they wish they had never left the "ole quarter;" but old and feeble as the Thomases are, I have never been able to tempt, cajole, nor delude them into saying, that they regretted the step they had taken. "Please God," the old woman will say, "we can't suffer no more. If we have but one meal a day, we can die in peace. Blessed are they who lay down by the road. Blessed also they whom He has kept alive. I'm glad I've come, missis—glad!" Nor can the States throw a single stone at their Canadian sister in this matter. A year ago, a faithful elderly woman, for several years a servant in my own family, started to come from Boston to Toronto, to take charge of two infant children. Their mother, a member of the same Methodist church as herself, had, dying, left them to her care. Her friends in Boston told her that as she was old and alone, it would be better for her to take a seat in the first class cars. She did so, and reached Albany comfortably. At Albany she bought a first class ticket for Buffalo, but after waiting several hours, after the train had left, she was told *at the office*, that no first class train would leave for several days. She was too ignorant to know that this could not be true, and, as freight that belonged to her had gone on to Buffalo, she allowed herself to be placed in an emigrant car. A kindly German woman seated her on the top of a blue chest, and offered her rosy-cheeked apples, to cheer the way. Her trunk, containing nearly all that she was worth in the world, was lost upon the road, and her carpet-bag was stolen from her in Buffalo, where she arrived in a flooding rain, by a man who offered to take care of it. She reached this place, lame and heart-sick. The trunk was subsequently recovered, through my agency, but the bag she never saw again.

Could "them Hits" have shown more "natural spite" than the Northern man who wilfully deluded this patient, loving child of God? "The church will quake when a strong man treads its floor," said, not long ago, an eloquent friend of the Slave. So may the State, and children of the Pilgrim Fathers, who feel the blood of the martyred Rogers, and the stalwart Miles Standish, run tingling through their veins, may well rejoice when a strong voice shakes the walls of our Senate chamber.

Right glad am I, being such an one, to recognise the pointed, sarcastic emphasis of Horace Mann—the noble Christian argument of Charles Sumner. Let us thank God that Massachusetts had two such sons, to send to the National Councils; two, of whose scholarship and manly power, of whose various accomplishment and deep religious sense of right, the oldest State of the oldest continent might well be proud. Methinks if I had seen Charles Sumner "seize his right," if I had heard those calm and noble words fall well and wisely from his lips, I should have felt as if one of the Fathers of the Republic had risen from his grave, to shame her with the bitter fact of her degeneracy. I could have wished to share his privilege and utter words that a century hence will be all that is remembered of the session of 1851 and 1852. As Abolitionists, let us thank God that, with a clear conscience, he could stand there before the nations, and lift up a protesting voice. Let us thank God that words were spoken there and then, containing the vital truths of the All-Father, words that, however it may seem to us, or them, will do their work before they die, with every man who heard them.

I believe with Mr. Sumner, that the framers of the Constitution would have disowned the idea of framing a Pro-Slavery compact. I believe with Mr Sumner that the great men whom the nation first worshipped were true to the ideal of freedom. I follow in perfect sympathy every one of his statements with regard to the framing and the interpreting of all the articles in question; but what does this avail us practically? Of what consequence is it, that Washington and Jefferson, Madison and Franklin were true men, if their descendants in the third generation have proved false? Of what use to have an Anti-Slavery constitution, if it receive nothing but a Pro-Slavery interpretation? And last and saddest, what avails it, *in the present*, to speak true and noble words in the Senate Chamber of the Union, when there are none but Pro-Slavery men to act upon these words; none but the prejudiced and unreasonable to hear them. As it was grand to compel such to hear, it were divine to compel such to receive. Farther still, if they who listened in astonishment to those eloquent words, had been convinced by them, and instantly determined to act upon them, as men acted in the infancy of our Republic, of what avail had it been? We should but repeat the sad story of the last seventy years, re-enact the tragedy of the nation. If we stood once more where Washington stood in theory, our acts of the third generation would again disown our noble ancestry. No, it will not do to have a Constitution which is not *opposed* to Freedom; we must have one that claims it with emphasis; it will not answer to have a Constitution which does not approve of Slavery, we must have one that disowns and prohibits it everywhere; and, meanwhile, may God bless and strengthen those who, with true hearts, speak true words, and try to rekindle on the long-desecrated national altar the ancient vestal flame. Turning from Mr. Sumner's speech to Mr. Mann's letter to his constituents, which gives the history of the recent growth of the Slave power, our hearts may well sink and die. Die! that were too easy. God no longer demands a painful death of his saints and martyrs. Oh no! The harder duty is now a righteous life. Men and women of this country ponder upon its responsibilities. Not long ago, a gentle but true-hearted daughter of Massachusetts said, through streaming tears, "I tremble when I think how much this country needs a national misfortune." As God is just, whatever this country needs it will surely have, and no reflecting man will disown the need or the desert.

Toronto, Canada, Sept. 25, 1852.

—*Liberty Bell, for* 1853.

THE DAUPHIN IMPOSTORS.

THE histories of the three pretended dauphins are choice instances of human gullibility. The capacity of man's swallow is proverbial. It was certainly never opened more widely than when a large section of the French people consented to gulp down, against all rational evidence, and against the testimony of their own senses, three impostors who, one after another, impudently attempted to make their fortunes by a fraud, whose daring character was equalled only by its overpowering absurdity. One of these pretended dauphins, as the majority of our readers will remember, for a time graced England with his royal presence, selecting the regal suburb of Camberwell for his honoured residence. But he was the last of the vagabands, and, although the cleverest, by no means the most illustrious. Two rascals had gone before, who surpassed him in unblushing audacity, and excelled him in villany. They deserved success, if they could not command it; and, considering how readily the throne of France has since opened to the most unaccredited of applicants, it was, perhaps, hard upon the high-souled adventurers in questions that they were refused the eager reception so handsomely accorded to successors, who have certainly swindled on as large a scale as themselves.

In the year 1796, a stripling, the son of a poor tailor named Hervagault, living in the little village of St. Lo, in the department of La Manche, ran away from his home. His manners were engaging; but his morals were susceptible of improvement. At first, the youthful adventurer paid pious visits to the houses of known royalists, and levied contributions as the son of an *émigré* noble, wandering in search of bread. Thrown into prison as a vagrant at Chalons, in the course of his travels, the tailor's son was suddenly possessed of a grander idea. He whispered confidentially to his fellow-prisoners that he was Louis XVII., the dauphin who was supposed to have died in the Temple—the brotherhood of Madame Royale. He entreated that his secret might be kept, and, of course, it immediately spread like wildfire. Chalons grew mad with excitement. Royalist ladies were beside themselves. The prison cell was converted into an audience chamber. There the young tailor sat in state, condescending to accept from his subjects luxuries for his table, and permitting them to kiss his precious hand as a reward for their expensive allegiance. It is difficult to extirpate notions once rooted in the feeble mind. Young Hervagault suffered further imprisonments as a vagabond and an impostor—was ignominiously driven out of Chalons—was subsequently convicted at Vire for swindling, and imprisoned again for the space of two years; but all in vain! The rogue, at the end of the time, had rather advanced his position than injured it, and had certainly increased the number of his adherents and the amount in his treasury. *Fetes* were got up in his honour at Vitry, and his portrait was freely circulated amongst the faithful. On the same sheet with the portrait was engraved an oval line, which was said to represent a distinctive mark stamped on the Dauphin's leg, by the Pope, in the presence of thirty cardinals. "This mystic symbol," says the narrative, "was deemed highly satisfactory."

The account given by the ingenious youth, of his escape from the Temple, was marvellous and edifying in the extreme—the very story to jump down extended throats without undergoing the masticatory process. One feature of the tale proclaimed the narrator an undoubted genius. A child, he said, had been purchased from its unnatural parents, who had been exchanged for himself, and who died bearing his name. That child, he declared, was the innocent victim of a mercenary tailor, living at St. Lo, and called Hervagault!

How long the pleasant *fetes* of Vitry might have lasted, or to what they might have led, it is impossible to say, for they were suddenly cut short by no other hand than that of the redoubtable Fouché. The young impostor was waited upon one morning by an officer of police, at the house of one of his devoted and wealthy adherents, and requested to accompany his visiter upon a short but important journey. Louis XVII. rose from his seat, and threw himself into a theatrical attitude; the ladies of the house wept around him, and male royalists convulsively clasped their hands. A zealous priest caught him by the leg, and bade the son of St. Louis receive with resignation, as well as hope, the destiny awarded by Heaven. The son of St. Louis said he would, and was ignobly sent to jail. The regulations of the prison, however, were somewhat lax, and the mummery went on. Persecution had its usual effect. Money poured in, honours accumulated, martyrdom revelled in enjoyment. The tailor surrounded himself with domestics, who attended him even when he was assisting at the celebration of the mass, and, with more justification, he hired a private secretary, not only to write his letters, but to subscribe his name to them, writing having formed no part of the royal education.

Bonaparte was Consul at the time. The prison banquets succeeded each other too quickly, and the Consul caused Hervagault to be tried as an impostor. The tailor was convicted, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. Appeal was made against the sentence, and a second trial came on at Rheims. The period fixed for the new trial was unfortunate; for just at the time the ex-Bishop of Viviers, the most insane of the pretender's partisans, was negotiating for the tailor an alliance with a young lady, the daughter of a marquis, who was a natural son of Louis XV, and, consequently, a direct ancestor of Louis XVII. The last-mentioned had just prevailed upon himself, after much internal struggling, to smother a passion "for the amiable sister of the Queen of Portugal," in favour of his fair relative, when the unpleasant business at Rheims interposed to absorb his whole attention. It was an extraordinary spectacle. The entire department of the Maine flocked to Rheims to do honour to its prince, and to greet his acquittal with loyal acclamations. When the opposing advocate rose to state his case, he was encountered with universal hissing. When the same gentleman denounced the accused as a tailor, the indignation of the auditory knew no bounds. The conviction of Hervagault was, nevertheless, confirmed. He was taken back to prison, but subscriptions on his behalf of course accumulated in consequence, and his incarceration, as before, only served to heighten enthusiasm for a prince, whose title became the more assured the greater the pains taken to hide him from his adoring adherents. Precious jewels were sold, that the King of France might live the life of Lucullus in the prison at Rheims.

The hero-worship becoming actually alarming, the prisoner was conveyed to Soissons, and there detained in solitary confinement: but Soissons had been once the prison-house of kings, and the proofs of his identity were simply increased by his removal. To put an end to the burlesque at once, Napoleon ordered his rival to be transferred, without delay, to Bicetre, the prison in the suburbs of Paris, devoted to felons of the worst description. In vain! The tailor contrived to get money into the jail, and he shared it liberally with companions who acknowledge his legitimacy in consequence of that fact. But the unassisted homage of felons will hardly suffice to conduct a pretender to a throne. The confinement at Bicetre proved potent discipline. During the last thirty months of the tailor's imprisonment, mind and body were prostrated, and the sufferings of Hervagault were intense. When, at length, the door of his cell opened, he received an order to quit Paris; but before he obeyed the mission, he contrived to melt the hearts of a pastry-cook and his wife, and to extort heavy contributions from their credulity. He went to sea, entering on board a man-of-war at Brest, and distinguished himself by his courage. Soon deserting his vessel, however, he again took to a wandering life, again practised the old imposition, and was again seized and conveyed to the Bicetre—this time for his life. The rest of the tale is a short account of unrestrained indulgence and debauchery. Upon the eve of his death he was visited by a priest, who urged upon him the propriety of confessing to his long mendacious imposture. He was piously told to look up to God, and to confess the truth. Hervagault did look up, and did moreover utter these words—"I shall not appear as a vile impostor in the eyes of the great Judge of the universe. Before his tribunal I shall stand revealed and acknowledged the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette of Austria." So the liar and impostor died.

The name of the second pretender was Maturin Bruneau, the poor son of a maker of wooden shoes, early left an orphan, and a characterless vagabond. He was quite a boy when he introduced himself to, and was hospitably received by, a distinguished royalist family, as the child of the Baron de Vexie, whose property had been devastated by the soldiers of the republic. With his protectors he continued until his cheat was discovered, when he was degraded from the drawing-room to the servants' hall. Not liking the change, Bruneau sought his fortunes elsewhere. As a private soldier he served on the American coast, deserted in 1806, became a baker in Philadelphia, wandered from there to Monte Video, and, finally, after the downfall of Napoleon, returned to France in 1815. He visited Vesin, where he was recognised by his family, who were disowned by him. His first attempt upon public credulity would seem to have been made at St. Malo, where he boldly proclaimed himself King of France and ex-Dauphin of the Temple. He was immediately arrested, examined, and thrust into prison, where his majesty, having only five francs in the world, condescended to earn his livelihood by making wooden shoes for his fellow-prisoners. The usual incidents followed. People of education and respectable rational men gave credence to a tale that had falsehood written on its front. Gold poured in once more. Again the pretender's table was laden with every luxury—again the softest couch offered repose to a most grateful and contented head. For the second time the believers might be counted by thousands. One ultra-Bourbon lady went from church to church praying for light wherewith to discover the son of the martyred king. She performed the ceremony at Rouen, where the shoemaker was imprisoned. The priest of the church had fortunately power to furnish the amount of light required, and he conducted the suppliant, without delay, to the august presence. The lady flung herself at the foot of the monarch, wildly exclaimed—"'Tis he;" and, at the bidding of the priest, supplied his majesty liberally with cash and jewelry. The second pretender, unlike the first, whose manners were by no means undignified, was uncouth in appearance, rude and indecent in speech. But this circumstance by no means stopped the rush of believers. Two clever convicts acted as Bruneau's secretaries, and under their direction, and by their hands, a letter was written and addressed to the Duchess of Angouleme, which, for brazen impudence, could hardly be excelled. The monarch entreated his sister to visit him in jail, and to put an end to the scandal which so grievously afflicted "their family." He further applied to the two Chambers of Parliament for a safe-conduct to Paris, in order that he might there establish his identity as the son of Louis XVI. No answers were received to these applications; but, by dint of unremitting exertion, and especially by the aid of a memoir which the secretaries had taken pains to circulate through France, the number of adherents increased beyond belief. The success of the tailor had been feeble in comparison with that of the shoemaker. Farmers' wives came to Bruneau's prison with the first fruits of their housewifery; their husbands provided for their monarch's daily necessities; priests performed mass in his presence; ladies knitted purses for him and others took steps to fill them by public subscription. Never was cobbler so blessed. He sipped his *vanille* from a Sevres cup, drank the best wines out of silver-gilt goblets, and made merry on the very fat of a generous land.

Fresh letters were written to the Duchess of Angouleme, and sane men and women of the highest consideration undertook to deliver them into the royal lady's hands. But this much desired step was never to be achieved. The Duchess refused to listen to the abominable fiction, and silently rejected every proffer of fraternal love. The folly soon threatened to become serious. His majesty had arrived at the very height of his contentment—the customs of Versailles were being daily introduced into the jail—the vagabond, in a word, was living in all respects right royally, when a political party took advantage of the imposture to strike a blow at the government of the day. Lyons and Rouen commenced the agitation. The walls of the latter city were placarded, and the people of France were promised, if they would release their captive king, to have bread supplied to them at three sous per pound by the express command of Louis XVII. The rising took place, but was quickly and effectually crushed; and then proceedings were commenced to bring Maturin Bruneau to a trial for his misdeeds—solitary confinement, apart from his affectionate followers, being his portion in the meanwhile.

Before the trial began, the glory of Maturin had departed. Solitary confinement had played havoc with his person. He presented himself before the tribunal unshaven, ill-dressed, with a cotton night-cap on his head, with little self-possession, and with no memory. Still there was an affectionate cry of *Vive Louis XVII.*, when he appeared. Nothing kills credulity. But the play had come to an end. His relations were there to own him, and the royalist lady, whom he had first deceived, was there to denounce him. His very accomplices grew ashamed of him, and averred that solitary confinement had driven his majesty mad. The plea availed him little, for the ugly faces of his relatives decided and proved fatal to his cause. There was no mistaking the likeness. Every child, youth and man, of the Bruneau stock, had the stamp of majesty upon them, it Maturin were graced with royal features. Outrageous was the prisoner's conduct on his trial, as appeared from the sentence finally pronounced. He was condemned to five years' imprisonment, to pay a fine of 3000 francs, and to a further imprisonment of two years for offences committed against public morality in open court. He was also charged with three-fourths of the expenses of the trial, and at the end of his imprisonment, he was to be placed at the disposal of the government. When the sentence was pronounced, Bruneau exclaimed, with mock gravity, "Nevertheless, I am what I am," and everybody silently acquiesced in the justice of the remark. What became of Bruneau history does not tell. His dream ended, and public interest in him ceased, when government confiscated the treasure which folly had accumulated for him in the Bank of France, and carried out in earnest the punishment which justice had accorded to him.

The third and last of the pretended Dauphins, Herr Neundorf by name, was a watchmaker by trade, and in his way a genius by the grace of God. He had married a person of humble circumstances, by whom he had many children—he had regally left them to the consideration of the public—and he had gone on his travels early in life, like his predecessors, whose fate awarded him no salutary warning. One only difficulty stood in the way of Herr Neundorf when he commenced business. He could not speak French, which was awkward enough in a King of France; but thirty years' non-residence, as he himself *naively* asserted, was quite sufficient to account for that unfortunate omission. A clairvoyant had seen the Dauphin in a vision. Herr Neundorf made his acquaintance, and was forthwith pronounced, by the gifted seer, "the exact counterpart of the precious figure presented to him in his ecstasy." The effects of the announcement were immense. One has only to be mentioned. Contributions flowed in to the pseudo-monarch at the rate of fifty thousand pounds per annum!

Herr Neundorf was not a simpleton, like the first pretender, nor a brute, like the second. We have said he was a man of genius. He drove in the Champs Elysees a splendid equipage, and his carriage was touchingly emblazoned with the crest of a broken crown. He formed a little court, and, living in modern times, he caused a newspaper to be established for the advocacy of his claims. Respecting those claims there could be no reasonable doubt. He had a mark upon his person which he could show in private, and which was quite as convincing as the testimony of the mesmerist; moreover, he had a peculiarity in his teeth—the same phenomenon had been remarked in the living child-Dauphin. When Herr Neundorf showed his molars, the adherents were perfectly frantic, and to shrink from allegiance was denounced as an act of high treason.

Louis Phillipe was on the throne—an arch intriguer, as the world knows He did not order Herr Neundorf to the Bicetre, or summon him to trial, but he took a surer way to his purpose. He hired an assassin to murder him! One night, as the Duke of Normandy was on his way home, he was attacked and stabbed in the neck. So he said. Fortunately, the illustrious victim wore round his neck a medal given to him by his sacred mother, Marie Antoinette; he might otherwise have been killed. As it was, he had but a very small wound to show. But sympathy redoubled, when the Duke communicated his narrow escape, and money poured in more furiously than ever. One thing only affected the Duke's tender susceptibility. His sister, the Duchess of Angouleme was still hardened, and would take no more notice of him than she had taken of his equally veracious predecessors. To compensate himself for a sister's loss, the good Duke resolved to enlarge the circle of his sworn adherents, and his method of proceeding was worthy of his whole career. He had been, by a mistake, brought up in the Protestant faith; he desired to be received into the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. The impressive ceremony took place, and down came the cash again still more prodigally than before. Louis Phillipe had nothing left for it but to take a leaf out of the old book. The police waited upon the Duke, and respectfully suggested prudence and moderation. The polite hint was not lost upon the listener. He sneaked at once into humble lodgings; but not keeping quiet there, he was one day visted by two official gentlemen who took him out for a walk, then for a drive to Calais, and then for a pleasant sail across the water. The time was 1838. The Duke reached London in safety, and had the audacity, as soon as he reached it, to write a loving letter to his sister, informing him of his safe arrival.

On Camberwell Green the Duke of Normandy established his abode, and made fireworks. Rockets were going off in his garden from morning till night, and through the night, to the terror of every house in the vicinity. Persecution followed the illustrious exile everywhere. He was indicted for a nuisance, obliged to break up his abode, and to seek another asylum in the unclean part of Chelsea. No doubt the work of Louis Philippe, incited by the heartless and unnatural Duchess of Angouleme.

At Chelsea the Duke made bomb-shells, which, being found good, were patronised by the Woolwich Board of Ordnance. A shot fired at him one night, by a hidden enemy, once more decided the fugitive to depart. He withdrew to Delft, the place where Prince William of Orange fell by an assassin's hand, and where the would-be Louis XVII. was himself shortly to lie. He quitted life in 1844—the last of the impostors. One advantage Neundorf had certainly over the other two. *Their* origin was known; his was never ascertained. If men asserted he was not the Duke of Normandy, he defied them to show who and what he actually was. The secret he took to the grave, as worthless as the body that bears it company.

GEORGE SAND ON UNCLE TOM.

THE most popular female novelist of France has written an elaborate criticism of the romance of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. It appeared in the Paris *Presse*, of the 20th of December, a few days after the close of Mr. Platt's translation of the work. Our readers [says *The Evening Post*] will, of course, feel a vivid curiosity to know what such an authority can say of such a work, and we mean to gratify it by rendering the criticism into English.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

"To speak of a book on the morrow of its appearance," says Madame Sand, "and in the very journals in which it has been published, is contrary to custom; but in the present case, this is a disinterested homage, since the immense success which the book has acquired acquits one of any motive of attempting to aid its circulation. It is already in all hands—in all journals; editions of all sizes have appeared; and everybody devours it and covers it with tears. No one who can read is permitted to go without reading it; and the only regret is, that there are so many among us who cannot read—the Helots of misery, the slaves of ignorance—for whom politics has not yet solved the problem of bread for the soul and bread for the body.

"It is no clap-trap advertisement, then, to return upon the work of Mrs. Stowe; it is an homage, and never did a pure and generous woman deserve a more tender and spontaneous one; she is far away from this, we do not know her, she that has pierced our hearts with emotions so sad, and therefore so sweet, and so let us thank her the more! Let the plaintive voices of women, let the generous voices of men and of children, so admirably glorified in the book, and those of the oppressed in this world, traverse the sea to say to her how much she is esteemed, how much she is loved.

"If the best praise that can be given an author is to love him, the truest that can be shown his book is to love its faults. We cannot pass these in silence, we cannot elude the discussion of them, but we need not trouble ourselves about them, while others rally us for weeping over the simple narratives of the victims described. The defects in Mrs. Stowe's book exist only in respect to certain conventions of Art, which are not absolute. If the judges, treating it as a mere bit of book-making, find parts that are tedious, repetitions, unskillfulness, let them take care, when they try to confirm their judgments by selecting some chance chapter, that their eyes are dry! They will remind themselves of that Ohio Senator, who agreed with his little wife that he was right in voting for the Fugitive Slave Law, and yet took off two fugitives himself in his carriage, in the depth of the night, getting out into the mud up to his middle often, to push on the wheels. This charming episode paints in the most admirable manner the situation of the greater part of men, placed between custom, prejudice, and their own hearts, otherwise more naive and generous than their institutions and manners.

"This is the history, both touching and ludicrous, of a great number of independent critics. Whether the question be a social or a literary one, those who pretend to judge it coldly, and at the point of view of the abstract law, are often surprised into the deepest emotions, and sometimes conquered, without being willing to confess it. I am always charmed with the anecdote of Voltaire, who, wishing to hold the fables of Lafontaine up to contempt, took the book, and said, 'Listen! you shall see—take the first we come to!' He read it. "Ah, that's passable—but here is another quite stupid!' He read the second, and found it very pretty; a third quite disarmed him; but reading on to find a bad one, he threw down the book, exclaiming with ingenious spite, 'It's only a hotch-potch of master-pieces.' Great minds may be bilious and vindictive, but when they reflect, it is impossible for them to be unjust or insensible.

"This work, badly constructed according to the laws of the modern romances, as they are accepted in France, inspires everybody, and triumphs over all criticism, in every discussion raised in the family circle. For it is essentially a domestic and family book, with its long dialogues, its minute details, and its portraits so carefully studied. Mothers, young persons, children and servants, read and comprehend it, and men, even superior men, cannot disdain it—we do not say, because its finer qualities redeem its defects, but because of these very pretended defects.

"In France, we combatted for a long while the prolixities of exposition in Walter Scott; we next cried out against those of Balzac, but on consideration it was seen, that in paintings of manners and characters, there was never too much, when every stroke of the pencil was in its place, and concurred in the general effect. Sobriety and rapidity are eminent qualities, but we should learn to like all methods that are good, and which bear the signs of a wise and instinctive mastery.

"Mrs. Stowe is all *instinct*, and for that reason she appears at first not to have talent. No talent! What is talent? Nothing, doubtless, compared to genius! But has she genius? I do not know that she has talent, as it is understood in the world of letters, but she has the genius that humanity has the most need of—the genius of good! This is not to be a man of letters; but you do know what it is—it is to be a saint—nothing more.

"Yes, a saint! Three times holy is the soul which loves, blesses and consoles martyrs! Pure, penetrating, and profound is the soul which sounds the depths of human nature! Great, generous and vast the heart which embraces in its pity, in its love, in its respect, a race sunken in blood and mire, under the scourges of cruel men, and the maledictions of the impious.

"It is well for us that it is so; it is well that we feel, in spite of ourselves, that genius is the heart, that power is faith, that, finally, success is sympathy, since this book quite overturns us, chokes the throat, melts the spirits and fills us with a strange sentiment of tenderness and admiration for the figure of a poor negro, lacerated with blows, stretched in the dust, and exhaling, in a coach-house, his last breath to God.

"In respect to art, moreover, there is but one rule, one law, which is to show and to move. Where do we find creations more complete, types more living, situations more touching and more original, than in Uncle Tom? The sweet relations of the slave with the child of his master, exhibit a condition of things unknown amongst us—the protest of the master himself against Slavery endures the whole phase of his life, when his soul belongs to God alone. Society absorbs him then, law expels deity, and interest deposes conscience. Arriving at manhood the child ceases to be a man, he becomes a master, and God dies out of his heart.

"What experienced hand has ever traced a type more striking and attractive than St. Clair—that refined, noble, loving, generous nature, but too soft and indifferent to be great? Is he not man in general, man with his fine innate qualities, his good impulses, and his deplorable carelessness—the charming *master*, who loves and is loved, who thinks, who reasons, but who never concludes or acts? He expends in a day the treasures of indulgence, of reason, of justice, and of goodness; he dies without having saved. His precious life is all resumed in a word—aspiration and regret. He could not *will*. Alas! there are not a few such among the best and strongest of men.

"The life and death of a child, the life and death of a negro, is the whole of this book. That child and that negro are two saints for heaven. The friendship which unites them, their respect for each other, is the whole love and passion of the drama. I do not know any other genius than that of Sanctity, which could have spread over such a situation, a charm so powerful, and sustained. * * * * * * *

"Children are the true heroes of Mrs. Stowe. Her soul, the most maternal ever was, has conceived all the little beings in the very light of Heaven *(rayon de la grace)* George Shelby, little Harry, the cousin of Eva, the baby of the little wife of the Senator, and Topsey, the poor, devilish and excellent Topsey, those that are seen, and those that are not seen in this romance, but of which only three words are spoken by their desolate mothers—are a world of little white and black angels, in which every woman recognises the object of her love, the source of her joys and her tears. In taking form in the mind of Mrs Stowe, these children, without ceasing to be children, take also ideal proportions, and come to interest us more than all the personages in love-romances.

"The women, too, are designed with the hand of a master—not only the mothers, who are sublime, but those who are not mothers, either in heart or in fact, and whose infirmities are treated with indulgence or rigour. By the side of the methodical Miss Ophelia, who learns that duty is nothing without affection, Marie St. Clair is a specimen of frightful fidelity. One trembles to think that she exists, this American lioness; that she is everywhere; that each of us has seen her; for slaves are not wanting to her to make her reveal herself as a torturer, in the midst of her vapours